

PASTOR & FUTURUS

A DRAMATIC
IDYLL

JOHN HUNTLEY SKRINE

36.

Francis J. Hall
July 1, 1914 (L.C.)
Recd July 26, 1914.
Reviewed Aug. 20, 1914

Price 1.50 net

Class 244.5

Book SK 63

General Theological Seminary Library

CHELSEA SQUARE, NEW YORK

PRESENTED BY

Rev. F. J. Hall



Nov 7 1888

PASTOR FUTURUS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

PASTOR AGNORUM: a Schoolmaster's After-thoughts. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

PASTOR OVIUM: THE DAY BOOK OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

SERMONS TO PASTORS AND MASTERS. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

WHAT IS FAITH? A Hermit's Epistle to Some that are Without. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

CREED AND THE CREEDS: their Function in Religion. Bampton Lectures for 1911. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

MIRACLE AND HISTORY: A STUDY OF THE VIRGIN BIRTH AND THE RESURRECTION. 8vo, 2s. net; paper covers, 1s. net.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.,

LONDON, NEW YORK, BOMBAY AND CALCUTTA.

PASTOR FUTURUS

A DRAMATIC IDYLL

BY

JOHN HUNTLEY SKRINE, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "PASTOR OVIVM" AND "CREED AND
THE CREEDS" (BAMPTON LECTURES, 1911)

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY AND CALCUTTA

1914

THE
PUBLISHERS

OF
THE
WORKS

OF
THE
PUBLISHERS

244.5
SK 63

64212

WANG CHU 100
YANG

TO THE HOLY MEMORY OF A
GUIDE SPIRITUAL
MOLINOS
"IL GRAN HERIT"

NOTE.

THE writer would point out that these pages were already in print, when a controversy, somewhat resembling their theme, arose in the East African Churches: they are therefore out of relation to that incident.

To somewhat earlier incidents at home a reference would not be precluded by the dates: it is best disclaimed by pointing to the actual problem of Church discipline, a more ancient one, to which the story itself acknowledges its debt.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. ST. WILFRID'S	3
II. VENTURE AND VISION	5
III. CONCERNING JOHN	18
IV. JOHN	22
V. THE FIRST CRUSADER	27
VI. THE BAND	29
VII. THE "MILITIA"	36
VIII. MUSING ON THE MAKING OF A PRIEST	42
IX. THE VICE-PRINCIPAL	56
X. THE PRAYER BOOK	59
XI. REVISION	62
XII. A LECTURE ON THE TRACTARIANS	73
XIII. ABOUT THIS DIARY	81

PART II

XIV. FIVE YEARS LATER	87
XV. JOHN'S PURPOSE	92
XVI. THREE IN COUNCIL	98

CHAP.	PAGE
XVII. THE INSPECTOR	118
XXIII. "OUR CIRCLE" MEETS	123
XIX. "STAR TO STAR VIBRATES LIGHT"	136
XX. THIRD THOUGHTS	147
XXI. BACK AT ELFTON	158

PART III.

XXII. A LITTLE BOOK	169
XXIII. <i>AUTOUR D'UN PETIT LIVRE</i>	184
XXIV. A SHEPHERD'S PROBLEM	188
XXV. IMPROVIDENCE OF SOME ORTHODOX	198
XXVI. THE CREED IN ONE ARTICLE	203
XXVII. ONE CREED, MANY ARTICLES	208
XXVIII. THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS	212
XXIX. THE COURT OF HERESY	229
XXX. "THOMAS" ON THE SITUATION	243
XXXI. A GREEK TRAGEDY	250
XXXII. "WE TOOK COUNSEL TOGETHER"	253
XXXIII. CREED AND "OUR UNHAPPY DIVISIONS"	256
XXXIV. FAITH AND THE MYSTIC	269
XXXV. PEACE ON EARTH, OR A SWORD?	280
XXXVI. THE CHOICE	290

PART I.

I.

“YES, this is well, very well. St. Wilfrid's is the right new home of one's spirit.” I was speaking to myself, as I sat down in Carleford Abbey. I went in there on my way from the station to the Chantry House and our new Hostel to be, having said to myself that, like David, I ought to seek out the temple of the Lord before I came within the tabernacle of the house that is my own new home. My seat was near the south door, and the great perpendicular east window, rich in tracery, richer in tint and figures, seen in the slant perspective, caught my heart at once. The church is somewhat too dark perhaps; I could never feel sure that the “dim religious” light, which Milton persuades us to love, is really the more religious for being dim. For how is it that one's morning orisons are best rendered, when that can be, out on the fields under the broad sky, as some of the best saints used to render theirs? Though, maybe,

ST. WIL-
FRID'S.

it is not the daylight that helps one, but the absence of a roof, since at night an open window is good, whether there is moonlight or starlight or a purple dark. But anyway, for a home of the spirit St. Wilfrid's is well, is very well.

II.

MARTHA met me just now on my new doorstep. She came here from Elfton Vicarage two days ago with the other servants to get the Chantry House ready for "the Principal".

VENTURE
AND
VISION.

Her face had a mingled air of anxiety and elation, which a mood of my own interpreted to me. My colleague (for that is what she is, though we describe her on the census sheet as "House-keeper") has that same sense of elevation chastened by the awe of venture which rules in the heart of the Vicar of Elfton, as he now migrates to Carleford Theological College, which the first Bishop of that see is founding and is manning with his Oxford fellow-classman. "Flitting time" has come to us as to so many of our parish flock; without their discomfort of body, not quite without their tremors of the spirit.

You cannot at life's most significant moments say always the adequate word. All we found to say between us was, that I hoped she was not overworked and the rest not too uncomfortable;

she, that they were very pleased the men that "moved" us had got through sooner than she expected. She followed me into the "Library" (that is what Principals have, she thinks, not a Study) with the tea, and round her skirts loitered in another domestic, or at any rate a "familiar," who took no notice of me, but brushed the furniture with a criticising tail and sniffed his vague disapproval of the arrangements. "Thomas can't seem to settle down," explained his chief. "Rather like the Principal," thought I.

Yes, the Principal can't seem to settle down to his new prospect. The Bishop, dear man, always an enthusiast and just now seeing a new heaven and a new earth unfolding before him in the diocese of Carleford—Robert Caerleon is his style, and it pleases me well; there's magnetism in names to draw one or to drive away, and some places have names that would make me starve before I took them—well, Robert Caerleon must needs hale me away from the country parish just as I was beginning to begin to know a little about the work, and plant me rawly down in this Hostel, this naked ground-plan of a college, which is to train the officers who are to work his will in the new-made realm. The only possible man for him was the parson of Elfston: if he would not do it, the thing would not get done; that was

how it was, he said. We were going to do this work differently from some other places (and I think that will be well, if only we can), and he and I were the two that might do it, the only two possible. How did he persuade me? Well, when he came down to Elfton after me, I was easy to unmoor, for one cable that held me had parted in Catharine's death: the stroke that emptied the Hall, widowed the Rectory too. So my heart gave a leap at his loving appeal, and I said Yes. And now if it was a miscalculation, and if I cannot do it, nor he and I do it, and his dream is to break—as most dreams do, though not all!—if that, it was an ill day when I flitted even from an emptied Elfton. No wonder I “can't seem to settle down”.

But the Principal has consolations in a flitting time which are denied to his poor furry “familiar”. I have sometimes told my flitters at Elfton, emigrant or immigrant, that to the homeless the Church is everywhere a home. I rose in an hour to try if this really is so. The Abbey was now lighted in one corner, the Lady Chapel, and an address was going forward. Of course, this is the Retreat for Church workers of which they sent me notice a month back, and I believe I have come by invitation, though at unaware. So I stayed, outside the pale of the

Lady Chapel, and heard the speaker. I may, said I, catch up an omen for my new course in the first words I listen to in my new home of the spirit. Well, and I did. . . .

Prebendary Eustace is conducting the Retreat ably. How much better are the new priests practised in this art than were we. Only——. No, I will listen to more before I think what I am beginning to think. . . . Well, the Prebendary will know better than this long rusticated pastor can, what these refined women need for their soul's health. It is presumptuous in me to be criticising ; and that was certainly a penetrating observation that dropped from him just now. I must hear him through. . . . Ah ! I see they are not women only. That will be a churchwarden, the large man in a corner ; and the pale young man with glasses, on the last bench is a lay-reader no doubt. Yes, it was for workers, I remember. . . . I heard it through. When it was over, I stole away to the north aisle, which was dark, and sat down with my burden on the soul. Is this what we priests are for ? Is this what I have to train my school of the prophets to do when they have been priested ? Is this the scope of Anglican religion, this the type of Christian life in which one is to see the character and note and genius and scope of our

church? My brother there does this thing so ably : nothing could be defter than his management of the function and the people : why do I feel such discontent ?

Perhaps just because of the ability and deftness. The nice calculation of pause, inflexion, modulation, rhythm : the airy touch on chords of delicate emotion which respond in such an audience. The trained management and sway of the gathering as by a skilled conductor of a chorus. It is the art of it all—there's what I feel amiss. Here is an expert in the art of Devotion teaching a class of art-capable persons. Why not? There are such persons in the Church ; there is such an art demanding practisers and professors. These opportunities ought to be provided, and the Prebendary is doing this. What is the fault of the thing?

None, none at all. Unless the thing claims to be something different from this, claims to be not *a* thing which the Church does, but *the* thing which she does : unless it is claimed that everybody's religion would be a Retreat if it could, and that the National Church is an agency for making all English people become even as these persons in the Lady Chapel now.

Then a withering whisper breathed on me that this *is* how it is. " Your Church means just this,

a school of culture in the religious art for persons of leisure and education. It is what your Elfton ploughboy called "the Gentlefolds' service," that "ain't for the likes o' we".

Desolation swept me with her wing, a vulture wing. I crept away to the Hostel.

How thankful I am they are not coming here till next week, the boys. There is time to get over it before then.

I was listening over my fire to the nine o'clock curfew. It is rung from the tower of a derelict little church by a sort of bedesman on the foundation of a pious revivalist dead some fifty years. The note in it of antiquity, æsthetically reconstructed antiquity, stirred awake in me what had gone asleep at supper, the ghostly dread which had overtaken me in the Abbey. "Primitive," I thought, that is a word of which we make our boast, we Anglicans. Our catholicity is not younger sister but compeer to theirs of Rome. But to be member of a catholic and primitive church is like being son of a family that came over with the Conquest; the scion must keep up the quality of the strain, his blue blood must be also red. Now that is where my disquiet is. Our old blood, does it run red enough: is our primitive quality still up to proof? Our catholic-

icity, is it a wholeness, true to its name? Our communion can cite an ancient date of its life, can it also cite a modern? My brother in the Lady Chapel had a message, but as I read it I did not find it translatable for use to the general. Of course not; he was not speaking to the general, but to educated churchpeople. Ah, but would it serve even for the educated general in our church, for people like squires, colonels, schoolmasters, dons, inspectors, youths at Oxford House, or at the Temple, iron-masters, engineer prentices, cadets, and boys bound for Canada or the Cape? And if the Church sent brother Eustace with this message only to the persons it is reaching, has she—there is the question that knocks and batters at my peace—has she another message by other messengers that is catholic enough to run everywhere and reach the whole?

My train of not too cheerful reflection was broken by a ring. Then through my study door ajar came a colloquy on the threshold.

“Well, Mrs. Goodacre, so here you are; settling in nicely, I hope. Is it too late, do you think, to see the Principal?” A slightly fluttered welcome from Martha (she had subtly discerned in the ring a guest of quality and

answered it herself), and from the entering voice,

"A moment . . . this is the first foot of mine, you know, across your doorstep. . . . Peace be to this house and to all that dwell in it." The Bishop, beloved man ! How Martha's heart will be swelling.

I met him at the door, and the touch of his hand shook the chills off me. We faced one another across the hearth, and he took my household news, how I had parted from Elfton and how the new home looked to me. "And how does *your* new home look to *you*, Cousin? What do you think of this for a diocese?"

"What do I think of it? Why, Mark, I don't know how to think highly enough of it. The best-planned diocese in the country. It can't be the Church's wisdom this time (you are always talking of her 'misfits,' Mark): wisdom couldn't do it, it must be her blessed fortune. What haven't we got that any bishop would wish? Here's corn and wine and oil, pasture and hunting-ground, everything. For corn and pasture those real yeomen and ploughmen of the Daneswold, and the untouched old market towns: for oil, the borough of the brewers, Aylcester: for wine, that new-made vineyard of a University College in Hoodington :

for hunting ground and forest primeval, the virgin squirearchy of the Vale: and then, just in a corner where it can't spoil any of God's fair earth but itself, the smutty little stithy of the iron-founders, where we will try our hand on the Labour Unrest. Mark, it's a model of the mighty world. To think God has given us a chance like this!"

"Us!" I echoed. "You, I grant. Do you know what I was saying to myself when your ring came?"

"Yes," solemnly this, "I know, do I not? You were telling yourself that you had crossed the river and burnt your boats, and were not going to win the campaign. Don't I remember the thing? how I woke up from a dog-sleep in the Dutchman at 3.30 a.m., coming back from taking on the Eggleston venture, and thought: 'Here have I gone and done for myself; stranded the vessel of my lifetime on that mud-bank yonder, and nothing more heard of Robert Barington'. As if it mattered," here his voice changed and sank, "whether more was *heard* of him or no. But that was long ago, in vain youth. Well, Mark, my fit did not outlast breakfast at the terminus, and I'll wager you will sleep off yours."

I said nothing till I had judicially poked the

fire. Then, "You come very near the mark, cousin. But there's more in it than just that. Your '3.30 in the morning courage' was summoned to sustain your faith in your personal venture. My 6.30 in the evening terror—for I will own up to it, and that was the date—was more like an eclipse of faith in another man's venture, yours in fact. Robert Caerleon will 'find the faith' (as we say) to carry his enterprise through: he'll be heard of. But I am doubting if he'll find faith enough in his old comrade, that he's dragging away by the arm from the rustic plot where he was planting his cabbages, and not so many of them, to make a henchman in his battle. Frankly, cousin Robert, what am I doing in *your* war-galley? Where's the use of me either at the wheel or before the mast?"

He looked at me, this dear man, and did not answer for a bit. His eyes worked, so did his lips. Then came the smile, a real merry one. "No, Mark. I didn't think of you for before the mast, but for in the tops. You know what it is 'that sits up aloft' and takes care of the soul of poor Jack, and also of Jack's skipper. That's where I want you to sit in this voyage, up aloft. It's where the steering is really done from. Or, if that's not quite right in sea-craft,

it's where the wind comes from—the wind, Mark, of the Spirit.”

A silence fell between us : then——“ I know what I meant when I asked you, comrade mine. I must set the course and fight the ship : that's for me. But *you* know, though you have led a quieter life than I, how it is with a captain. When his eyes are not glued to the compass, they are watching the men at the ropes. When the Bishop is off the routine and business of the see, it's Visitations and Confirmation tours. When is he to do his thinking? Oh, don't stop me yet : I know you will tell me I can be thinking while I am doing : so I hope, so I hope. A Bishop may get some chance of thinking, for acting *is* thought in a measure : but he can't read a book (so Porchester told me, though I didn't believe him) and even if he can read, mark, learn, I doubt if he can inwardly digest. No time to ponder, muse, meditate, to wait for the Vision though it tarry. Yet if the Vision is not there his people will perish, and the best of himself. Mark, of us two yoke-fellows it is you who were always the visionary. That is what I came and fetched you for ; to sit here near me in my good ship, but up aloft, on the main-tops, even up in the clouds if you choose, but where you can see the visions and signal down to us on the

decks what you have seen. That's what you are doing in my galley."

I was dumb, for my heart swelled and also my heart sank. What could I say? There is, I don't know how, something one is ashamed of in deprecating honours, unless one can be accurate in it, and not merely sincere. When I spoke, it was, "I can't answer you. You have made me so ashamed and so afraid I am going to speak of something quite different, that came to me this afternoon in the Abbey, I will not say how. You and I have few reserves, or I should be shy of telling you what it is. The vision, if it was one, that came to me to-day was a discomfiting one. It was as if a veil dropped away, and I saw our Church as she really is, not as I supposed she was. Cousin, cousin Robert, have we a Gospel for the Poor? I don't mean the 'legal poor'; I mean have we a Gospel for the People, for the real People; the whole People, the ordinary sons and daughters of men?"

He waited for me to go on.

"Well, perhaps I *must* tell you how it came to me. I was listening to Eustace this afternoon at the Retreat. It was no fault of his, though. Only, as I looked at that trim-fleeced flock being shepherded so cosily by our brother, there rose to my eyes a vision of that shaggy flock of mine

among the hedgerows, who sheered away in a shoal from my clumsy nets (how I am mixing metaphors!) and of that grimy swarm in Smeltenham, over whom you, who are thrice the fisher I am, will have to cast your meshes, if you can. I said to myself: 'Our Church methods are good enough for this Lady Chapel, but are they any good for the shop and office and yard, for my hedgerows and your stithy?' And then—well, I must confess it—I almost hated that Retreat, not for the thing it was, but for the things it was not."

The long silence after this made me regret my outburst. But at last he reached out his hand across the fire and took mine, very solemnly.

"You have answered yourself, Mark. This is what you are doing here. We two will go find a new way for the old Church, you and I, together."

III.

CONCERN-
ING JOHN.

FRANCES DESMOND came to lunch to-day, for a talk on a family matter. I had not seen her since Catharine left us both, and it was a deep pleasure to be in her company again ; yes, she seemed to bring with her a Third. "When two . . . are gathered together," even then—— But she would not open on her matter till she had been shown the Chapel and its furnishings, on which I was myself anxious to get the *consulta prudentis*. She much approved my choice of an altar-piece, "Let us go hence," the group of the Eleven risen from the Supper and hanging on the lips of Christ from which the High Priest's Prayer begins to mount. "Yes, I love it," she said. "It is the moment between Vision and Action and has both in it ; they are going out from the mystery to the deed. Is it not just right for *these* young disciples here at their communion ?" Then she turned over judiciously the samples of altar linen and other furnishings sent for our choice through the benefaction of a

neighbour, and I found her criticisms wise and helpful. But most I blessed her for the inspiring reverence with which her talk and her fingers handled the objects. There is a kind of temperature that brings out the scent of flowers ; and a certain aura in Frances brought out an exhalation, a mystic aroma, from vessel and vestment of the sanctuary. It was to myself almost an initiation into that movement of our religious nature which we inadequately name the love of Ritual, and stupidly confound with Externalism in worship.

Yet I a little wrong my own perceptive powers ; I was initiate long ago. I recall how on one of my early travels something that was strange to me in the physical touch, as it were, of the ritual at a communion stirred the sense of spiritual romance and tinged the worship with a new poetry. And again on another journey, in company with one of dear and blessed memory, when a midday meal had, it chanced, to be made only from loaf and flagon, I was curiously stirred by his remark, "Bread and wine ; I could *live* on bread and wine". Years later I recalled it to mind when I read that incident of the French gallant who met Joan of France at a halting place in her campaign, where

She called for wine,
And pledged the day when we should drink with her
In Paris of the French. 'Twas solemn-sweet,
And like a sacring of the blessed Cup.

Indeed I think I am ritualist, though that past-master in ceremony, Sensier, would disown me; a mere amateur, with the love of it only not the art. But I do not yield to him in my faith that the Spirit can and will touch our spirits through their flesh: and what else is the philosophy of his ritual?

Then we went out into our garden, and she began. "I expect, cousin, you have guessed what I came about. It is my John. You know about him, but not all. It has been, even to me who am his mother, a wonder how the cruel thing has changed him. He was bent on living the life of don as Fellow of Wentworth. Then came the love; and then that awful overthrow of it when she was found under the cliff, poor child, with the flowers clenched in her hand. They said he seemed as if he were stunned by it. But I do not call it that: it was not stupor, it was trance. That was what I called it to myself, when I found him kneeling at the bed-foot where they laid her, looking, looking at her, hardly seeming to see me. I could not get him to talk about it, which I thought would be

good for him, for the first two or three days. Then quite suddenly he woke up. 'Mother, I think I shall change all my plans now. I don't want to go on with that University work. Somehow I seem not to care for study any more, that kind of study anyhow.' Then it came out of him with a burst. '*She* has made me see that what we can *know* of the world, by study, I mean, is nothing. Her world, where she is now, that's the world we are in, already ; but you can't know it by learning. There's some other way.' I waited, and then he said, 'If only I could have taken Orders ; but then—— The old Creed is quite right ; I'm finding that out . . . through her. But I couldn't take it their way, and I thought they wouldn't have me unless I could.' I said, 'But are you quite sure they would not have you ? You know, John, I always told you I thought you were making too much of your difference from them'. Now he made no answer to this, Mark, but I am sure it was not unwelcome. I left it there, and thought I would try to bring you and him together about his career. He would not be put off by you, as he has been by 'them'. Do have him to see you and try."

And so we have settled it. The dear, dear lad, how I wish !——

IV.

JOHN. MY walk over the downs with John this afternoon, will it prove a fateful day for him—and me?

He was still and cold when he came to me, but the down air brought him some glow, and he began to talk of modern questions without listlessness. I got him to tell me of the movements in the University. How changed since my time things are there, when, for instance, the scientific people were so zealous to overcrow us theologians. There really was some excuse : science wanted to get understood, and had to talk (for let me not say “crow”) rather loud, because theology was then such a deaf muse or so absent-minded. John tells me this is altered. Those doctors of the Natural Law have by now got what they were wanting ; they have induced ours to attend and in some measure even to understand them. Besides, on the other hand they are coming to understand our doctors of the divine law, for they are less dumb than at that time, when theology could only answer the “crow” of

science with a "croak" (John's word that). It seems we have gained a little of that "boldness of speech" of which St. Paul, who had so much already, coveted an increase; and our friends some corresponding humility. This was good hearing to me, who remember the academic atmosphere of my own time, the atmosphere of an exhausted receiver—if that is not a bull.

We got, by a not difficult transition, where I wanted to get, to the Institutional in religion, the region where lie John's rocks of offence. "Don't think me a heretic: I am not; but I really cannot see how a Letter, like the Creeds, can be sufficient for the Spirit of all times, nor how one good Order can fail to corrupt the world if it must be always one. Why cannot some of our beliefs be provisional, and some features of our order temporary."

I hope I have been wise in what I answered, and not let him drift for want of a check towards a false position: but I could not find in me directly to counter his plea for an attitude of suspense as to some elements in the Creed, and I frankly allowed of systems of practice that "in them nature's copy's not eterne," and, like all else that lives, they must live by a ceaseless self-accommodation to spiritual fact. I put up a strong case for the necessity of machine action in

religion in connexion with the vital. "Institutional and Spiritual, are they not just Structure and Growth in the life of Church? You must accept the two, John, not one but both." When at this he interjected, "Que messieurs les théologues commencent," the thrust was shrewder than I was ready to counter, and I let it pass unparried. However we said some more, and though I seemed to be speaking neither very lucidly nor freely, I felt, in the way one does, that I was now and again reaching his mind. At one point he said with a note of surprise. "Oh, would you grant *that*?" and then fell a-musing, not listening to me.

I turned off to the Bishop and his plans, especially his idea of a "raid" on the iron-works and a "drive" in the country districts. That warmed him. "Good, that's good. I wish he'd been Bishop thirty years sooner." And when I added something about my finding a blessedness to myself in joining such a leader for a new beginning, "rusty as I feel and out of it when it is diocesan not parochial work," then he fairly took fire. "Ah, there must be that, there must." And this no doubt brought on his first reference to his own future. He is weighing the question of going to the Public School, "so much more human, it seems to me, than the University." And then

.

came on one tense moment. "Since *that* happened, you know, everything changed : the old things I cared about went dead. I understood why people who lost what I did used to 'take the Red Cross,' or at least go out to battle somewhere." I had a swelling in my throat at this, and we went in silence for a furlong, rather glad that we had reached the wood and had to walk single file. On the other side we got on the Labour Question. He cannot go any way with his Socialist friends, and not all the way even with the Christian Socialists. "There must be a Christian secret of it ; it certainly isn't Competition, but then is it Brotherhood? There seems something wanting in *mere* brotherliness. What is it?"

I answered—what I was likely to answer to this, and he neither rejected it nor yet took it up. Some talk about the financial aspect of the problem ended the walk. Neither of us was very wise about this : perhaps I was a shade the wiser as being more sure of my unwisdom.

The walk, what a thing it is for these purposes—the purpose of sweet counsel together. Is it the open air that lends its own expansiveness to our tempers ; or the safe seclusion, on which no one can break because there is no door to knock at ; or the rhythm of walking feet that best chimes

with the measure of the heart's-beat or the tick of the brain? But the New Age does not go a-foot, it goes on wheels. Now, can two friends take sweet counsel together upon bicycles? I do not forget the spiritual affinities of the wheel which a prophet's vision signalizes, nor how the first Missionary to Those Without took counsel with a convert in a chariot. Still give me the walk over a hill-side of two together in counsel.

V.

THAT has done me a world of good, that little note from John this morning, asking to come here "on probation". He thought he would write, not speak while he was here : I am so kind that I might find it harder to *say* this could not be done than to write it. What he asks is to come to me for the beginning of term and see what it is like, on the chance of finding he is fit to go on with it. I am not to think him presumptuous in asking for such a special arrangement : it is only himself he is afraid of, not the College. He does want to have the chance of being with me, and of having his little part in "the Beginning," if he should be fit for that. He cannot say that his difficulties are gone yet, but—the dear lad!—"your Bishop's crusade got hold of my heart the other day ; perhaps I could be on it, and if I could, then I ought ; and if I ought, then, please God, I will".

THE FIRST
CRUSADER.

Please God you shall, dear son mine, if I may dare call you that. May God bless our hour together on the down, and His Holy Spirit keep the fruit of it sound for ever.

How it cheers me, this : how it fires me ! A Crusade, and this young knight at our side. I seem to catch a glimpse of what was meant by "he shall receive a hundredfold, houses and lands, brethren and children" : yes, this hostel for that lone rectory, this diocese and all the broad Church for that narrow Elfton, this brave shepherd soul at our head for a bosom-friend, and these lusty youths of my household for gallant band of brothers.

Ah ! my heart, proud heart, foolish heart : you know men always have hoped like this, and always have missed their hope. Your dream of a great beginning of a new time will break like all dreams ; your hope of a Good die as the rest have died.

No, by Him that liveth for ever, it shall not die, shall not.

So John comes too on the Thursday with the rest. Did they foresee when they baptized him that he would come to look like his namesake of the reddening wavy locks over the loyal eyes and tender, valiant brow—the loving and loved disciple, as I have seen him in their pictures, and shall see him here among us in the life.

"Thy heart shall fear and be enlarged." My heart *has* feared, my heart *is* enlarged.

VI.

THEY are all under our roof to-night, asleep, I trust, by now, for we have begun as we mean to go on, early to bed, early to rise, as is primitive, catholic, and also sensible. I had proposed, foolishly, to the Bishop that he should come in to-night for Compline, and give an address. No, he said, let them have time to see you and one another and the house and furniture : till then they will not attend to me. So this is to be to-morrow night. THE BAND.

They are a likely lot, these recruits for the Church's Young Guard. Few but fit is our ship's company : that was sure to be when it was our Bishop that ran up his flag and called for men. Two or three are fit even with what Jem Verley, our Rugby Blue, calls "fitness". That pleases me. I know prophets must not look on the height of the stature : in real life what counts is less the strong man than the handy man ; and I daresay Philips, whose appearance some observers would disapprove as scrubby, will be at the head of a see, while Verley is only head of a

parish. Still it is no handicap to the latter that heaven has made him "a proper man," while it is more than possible that want of looks may obstruct Philips' usefulness by letting sleepy Authority overlook the promise in him. Anyhow, it takes all sorts to make even a tiny world like the Chantry ; so give me tall and short, athletic and social, scholar and, yes also, scrub, together.

Verley is a "sort" that comes less often than formerly to prepare for Orders, a younger son of a squire. But then his father's sort too grows infrequent. "There don't be no squires here-about nowadays, not for to call squires," said one of my own villagers, a pensioned-off keeper ; "th' old uns be gone most on 'em, and these here new chaps out of Lunnon, they keeps up the shooting, and they gives a keeper more than the old uns did, and the beaters too. But lor bless 'ee, Sir, they be a kind of furriners, and they don't bide : runs down Fridays, shoots Saturdays, off again Mondays. Might be their own keepers too for the little they goes to church on Sunday in between. But there, Mister Samuel Leon, as has taken Ashenthorp, has a darkie down to shoot wi' un, a black heathen, I reckon."

Ah ! me, and I used to say to myself thirty years back that we must not grieve over the migration that was beginning and the coming of the new

men : these iron-masters and heads of firms would bring new blood and the vigour of business to our sleepy shires and rusting agriculture. So they would, I still think, if only, as Keeper has it, they would "bide".

Well, I have got here a man from business alongside of Verley from the land. He has come out of business, however, not to turn squire but parson. Joseph Matthews should have been in Orders, I expect, years ago : followed his father into the city, and has come back not because he did badly there (he didn't) but because the wrong call had taught him the right one. An enthusiastic rather young Archdeacon was saying the other day he would like to see our clergy prepared for orders by a year or two in a house of business, after the University and the College—rather an expensive academy surely from the side of economy in time and money. But Matthews' case will help us to judge how much we can afford to spend on that education. I hope he will be able to mix in with the rest, spite of his five or six years' seniority.

A man we shall need to handle carefully is Twynes, the Bishop's godson. I hope the godfather's magnetism has not had too much share in his coming. His mother warns me that his

tutors have made him, she thought, too much of a rationalist. She means he took a degree in science. We should have all shared her anxiety once, not now. We begin to welcome positive science into theology, to their credit, both of them. And here we shall be glad if Twynes will be as positive as any scientist, unless he is as conceited as some are—or were, I would say.

Which of this first set is going to lead? But I shall make a guess boldly: Pierce, for the first two terms: then, or at any rate after College, some one else; but Pierce will lead here, for he is the kind that used to lead, I remember, at school, though not longer; the boy with the active rather than thoughtful mind and the social confidence which gives initiative at that age. Then too he is the son of a bustling Archdeacon and probably inherits an instinct for the ecclesiastic way. Yes, he will ring the leader's bell in our small flock.

Then our experimental candidate, Philips, Canon Christian's discovery, and very likely a sound one. The Bishops are shy of these candidates coming from the primary schools: afraid that a schoolmaster's inducement is the prospect of a social rise. That is not his case, however. For the lad has had his mastership for only two years, and the prompting to a change was all

the Canon's, who detected (he writes me), a pastoral impulse, and believes he was already heading towards the Chapel or else the Salvationist's market-corner, and the Church ought to intercept and commission him. He has still a little accent for the men to get over, but I feel in him at the first touch a grace and gentleness, which we commonly suppose comes not by education but by race. Well, race *is* education, as we are beginning to discover; education which has begun very early. Yet not always so early. Those who measure our skulls tell me that when the "long heads" and the "short heads" come from the East to America they quickly learn in that school of a new environment to grow shorter or longer to match the standard length of cranium in the West. That makes one ask whether colour can be taught as well as structure; or, if the dark man may not change his skin when he changes his heaven, whether he can so change at least his mind in the climate of Christianity as to become wholly the "even Christian" of the white man. For it seems he is not this as yet. He cannot be our "even Christian" till a man of his race can be shepherd, over-shepherd with none over him, real bishop as well as only under-shepherd of his brethren's souls. And this our rulers do not find

that he can be as yet. Will he learn to be this in the climate of the school of Christ? The answer is charged with a weight of destiny for the native churches—and for the principle of Episcopacy.

What do I think lastly of Johnson and Newton? I shall write them down Sixth Form boys, the kind that takes an Exhibition and a Second Class at College, and then makes a clergyman such as his father was before him? Johnson's father holds a family living, and convention would tempt me to write that I hope the son will not do the same. But I refrain. For do we wish to lose from the Church this manner of man who is priest after the order of the patriarchs? Such a priest is to his rustic flock "one of ourselves". His prosperous rectory, stocked with hearty children, holds before village eyes an image of the life natural lived Christianly and without the disfigurements which riches and penury can work upon the life in the grander or the meaner homes. It safeguards the continuity of clerical and lay existence, and staves off the encroachments of the spirit of ecclesiastic caste, which even on English soil needs to be watched. Still I hope the elder Johnson will live long.

Newton has nothing to tempt him to follow the family tradition of service in the ministry beyond the average expectations of the career.

May Heaven and the English laity make these better than they are at present! And may this be done in time, before the laity, through their unintended fraud which keeps back the hire from the labourers in this field, get the clergy they deserve.

VII.

THE IN outsets there are omens. Then the Chantry
"MILITIA". has made a well-omened start.

For we have started to-night at Compline with the Bishop's address which followed it. The Inauguration will be a little later, a public ceremony, when all the dignity that a new-made diocese can muster will be there to auspicate our foundation *coram populo*. But the real Inaugural Moment was to-night.

Those eight young heads have gone to their pillows with this for the last waking thought, that they have got the call from a great leader. I know it, for I have once felt as they, though that was long ago, and it was but a childish schoolboy's head that fell asleep upon it. But that schoolboy felt it again to-night through these boys of a larger growth, as with them he listened to the Bishop's address, and caught the returning current of electric sympathy in the spark struck on the eye of more than one, and in that energy of stillness in all the listeners ; a

thing no one can define, but of which the speaker knows the beat coming back upon his heart.

We were a little cold there, and the light was scanty from our candles at the seat ends; but both things were right! the austerity in the air, the frosty taper-flames, the haunting shadows half chased away, were to my sense most accordant undertones in the music of this act of worship, a dedication rite of our shrine, an initiation of our enterprise, and hallowing of arms for our new *Milites Christi*.

For this was the ground-note of the Bishop's speech to us, this *Militia Christi*. The appeal to soldiership is no doubt invariable since a much earlier date than the Crusades, and our Lads' "Brigades" and "Troops" hear it perhaps even too habitually. But to-night the speaker struck that note with a difference. And he did not begin with it. None of our pacifists, religious or civil, would have felt for their steel, listening to his opening. He began where we, and all things that are, begin, with the Passion. Then he let Sacrifice lead us on to Service, and Service "which pays with the person and serves with the life" lead us back again to Sacrifice, and to see that soldiership is Passion too. Here came up from below the "note with a difference" and dominated the strain. He had reached the

distinctiveness of the hour, our situation as a group of Christians banded for an enterprise which was new. "You few here to-night are the first muster of a company of the Church Militant. You form the nucleus of a force which is to be organized for the service of Christ in this province of His Kingdom, a newly constituted diocese; you are the beginners of a history which may be a great history, God being the helper of us and those who will follow. We will allow ourselves thus much of pride and imaginativeness as to compare our new beginning with things of a dignity that might seem above the level of common human interest. For why shall we not let the *genius loci* give us an inspiration? Our home here is on a soil to which clings a memory, still distinguishable in the names of places here and near us, of Britain's oldest romance, the legend or myth of a King who in the power of the holiest Name, made a realm and ruled, broke the heathen and upheld the Christ, by the loyal might of the soldiery who swore his oath. My sons, are not we to be a Knighthood of older and younger sworn to the *Rex regum*, the men of another Table Round, 'the fair beginners of a time'. This will not be fantastic in us, not a 'boasting of ourselves above our measure,' of which when we have left this hour in our sanctu-

ary behind us we shall be ashamed in the dry morning light. For we are straining our spirits not a whit higher in calling ourselves Knights of Arthur, than when we stand by the font and—as will presently be the duty of all of you—cross the brow of a little one from the lowliest of homes in sign of a knighthood which he must fulfil under Christ's banner until his life's end. It is all one, this soldiership under Christ, for all ranks of men, whether our imagination embroiders that banner with the language of romance or of everyday fact, the chivalrous or the homely metaphor. But you here are not to be soldiers of the rank and file ; you are asking for a commission to command. The language of a warfare which is chivalrous, words that echo a summons of an elect soldiery to rarer peril and rarer honour, these are very fit on my lips when I am to provoke to love and good works in the holiest of causes you who aspire to array the ranks of your fellow-Christians and to head them in battle. If I call you then not soldiers but knights, I think that I touch the inner soul of the spiritual ambition in you : I make more present to your minds the question with which Jesus Christ confronted once two valiant youths who asked a boon of honour, and now is confronting what is valiant in your own spirits to-night. Young brothers,

who are asking knighthood, Jesus saith to you by me, 'Are ye able, are ye able?' May your good hearts dare the answer, 'We are able,' and may the Christ that is within us, enable you indeed."

How it ended—can that be set down? I think not. It is only my memory that I would care to entrust with that appeal, so pure and of so delicate a reserve, to the bond of a sacred fellowship in which he and I and they might be members incorporate in a blessed company; leaders and followers, comrades, pledged to a holy enterprise, "yours and mine" (he said), "and all our own".

No, it is not to be written. Keep it, Memory; keep it you, that time and scene, those faces an hour ago so different, grown suddenly all alike because all alive; and one face among them, one clear face, interpreting to me the rest. It was a sacrament in which my friend was priest: yes, indeed, a *sacramentum*, a giving of the soldier oath.

I closed this diary too soon, and it must come out of the drawer again.

It had scarcely been put back when a knock at the door a little startled me. "May I come in so late?" said John, and stood with the door

in his hand. I saw he was much moved, but very shy too. "I ought not to disturb you. I came downstairs to say something . . . before I went to bed . . . I want to tell you that I think I know my own mind now. If it's to be what the Bishop says, I would like to be one of you. May I?"

VIII.

MUSINGS
ON THE
MAKING
OF THE
PRIEST.

THIS is bad news ; Cyril Sensier that is to be my Vice-Principal is ill, not able to take up his work till a week or more perhaps after the opening. I was doubtful enough about my venture when I agreed, but then I counted on this vigorous young colleague, to relieve me of the work I cannot myself undertake. He knows the curriculum well from experience at Bradhampton, can plan the men's studies, and teach the special subjects which are not in my line. What can I do with them for a week or ten days alone?

But plainly what I must do with them will have to be what I should have to do, even when the colleague has joined me. On this voyage of ours it is he who must provide the details of the seamanship, for he "knows the ropes" and I do not ; but it was to be I who set the course. Well, that shall be it. I will do it, will set the course. We will spend our time, or that part of it which would have been given to technical

studies under the Vice-Principal, on thinking what they come here for. What is a priest : what does he do : how can he learn to do it? This is what they and I will work at together. Perhaps I shall know more of this than young Cyril Sensier.

Do I know what a priest is and what he is for? We were not of one mind in our rural deanery : this Cyril's uncle Sensier, our authority on ritual, and our dear apocalyptic Julian, would have defined his duties very inharmoniously, when they came to particulars. Still I think I could have got both to say the priest is here to save men's souls. But that is enough : out of this everything will come.

For to save souls—what is that?

At the outset it is a thing no man, priest or other, can do. Souls are not saved by any man : they save themselves so far as anything that is man can save them. But how do they do it?

Let me think it out for myself once more, for I must be sure of it now when I shall have to muster all the courage of my convictions, and to use them, perhaps fatefully, for these young men.

I must, for my own behoof at least, phrase it in speech that is mine, be it ever so different from that of the schools. For me then to be saved is to be alive. I do not speak to myself of

“justification” and “sanctification”; I speak of a life born in us and a life perfected in us. Those narrowed words, though of great authority, an apostle’s, are swallowed up in these wider words, of authority greater and the greatest, being not an apostle’s but his Lord’s—the Birth of soul and the Life of soul.

How then is soul born and how does soul live?

Surely even as all else is born and lives. The herb is born by interchange of seed and soil, the thing that has breath by union of like and like; the soul is born by communion of creature and Creator, by a spirit’s uprendering of self to the All Spirit, by the unbosoming of the mortal to an Eternal Love which pours itself into the bosom of the human, working between them one indivisible mystery-act which is the springing of a Life.

If my creed is a right one, what does it teach me as to the nature and the office of the priest?

Well this at once, that my brothers in the Church who speak of a priest as a mediator have not chosen the most apt word. To mediate is to come between. But in this creative event which is the salvation of a soul there is no coming between the Two, The Creator and His creature who is to be born into the shores of light.

They only touch one the other, and directly, not by touch of each upon and through the priest. No, we must go beyond this metaphor of a mediatorial priesthood : it is not sufficient for the fact.

What then ? Well, is not the Church greater than her priest ? Let us ask first what her part is in the making souls to live. She is the mother of us, she “gendereth” us, not unto bondage but the liberty of the Spirit. She genders us by her ministry of Word, Sacrament, Discipline. The birth of a new soul to the Church our mother is on this wise :—the Church does not mediate the union of the Divine and the Human, she does not come between and link them, she but impels the soul towards a union which is its own immediate act. She cannot, in a word, cause a birth of the soul ; she can but make for the soul occasion to be born.

This is how the Church saves souls ; and the priest—how plain it is all coming out !—the priest is the human instrument by which she does it. There must be an instrument which is human. The Word cannot be heard without a preacher, the Sacrament enacted without ministrant, the Discipline exerted without officer. This then is what my young men are for : they are to become, each one for his own flock, their Church’s

voice and hand with which she stirs the spirits of men, first in the pre-natal dark of the soul which has not yet awaked, afterwards and always under that drowsy spell which lies ever in ambush to bring the growing life to standstill or to hale it back again into the outer dark of spirit's death.

It is coming out plainer certainly, but what a mystery am I leaving unexplained! What is this that I am saying about the action of Church or of her instrument? When I say the Church or the priest can occasion, though they cannot cause, the birth of a soul, that they cannot unite the Divine and the Human but can stir and impel the Human to unite itself with the Divine, *how* do I say that this occasion is made, this impulsion given? How does it happen, when the Word is preached or a Sacrament passes, that thereupon a soul moves itself towards its Maker and life begins? What happened to yourself, Mark, when life began in you; or when (for who can be sure that his memory carries the first moment when the soul "converts"?), when there fell on your dawning spirit the stroke of that older spirit, at which your own erected itself with a deepened breathing and a heart-beat grown of a sudden strong? What happened then to you?

I cannot tell. It is final fact, perhaps, behind

which we cannot go ; an assumption which a mortal mind must ask the eternal mind to yield him, that he may make a start on thought's journey. But some images from things more visible do offer themselves as my guides for a little distance. Not without a parable speaks to me that Eternal Mind. For I know that a note, sounded when we touch one viol's string, can be cause of the same chord sounding on another without touch : and I know, or believe I know, that the music of a thought, made in one human brain or breast, at times will make rise a music to echo it in breast or brain of some other, across a width of land and sea, nay, or a gulf more wide than these. To these things then I liken the kingdom of heaven, that part of it where it reaches from the one end to the other of the world of human souls, and sweetly, strongly, undiscoverably orders the motions of them all.

Is this theory of mine an unsubstantial dream? I know this, that I mean to build on it whatever I try to build here. And surely I am basing upon fact and substance, if it is fact that faith grows from man to man, person to person. Yes, by the man and person in him must the priest work his work. Christ's soldier will, like another soldier, pay with his person ; Christ's physician of souls heal, like other healers, with himself ; the

shepherd, like the Master Shepherd, save the sheep by giving for them his life; the fisher of men catch souls alive with nets that are woven of cords of a man and meshes that are bands of entraining love. Those who first called a priest the "persoun of a toune," framed that title with more subtlety than they knew: he is or he should be the personality of his fold, not to minister to their contact with the laws of men, but to their communion with the life from God. Ah, did they, in requiring him to impersonate his flock, dare to think it could be required of him to impersonate, by his own communion with that life, the All-Shepherd to this shepherd's little flock? I must dare to think it, and dare to endeavour so to teach these shepherds that are to be.

How then? What direction can we give these shepherds to use the man and person in them to work the saving of souls?

The Ordinal must lead us. It commissions the priest to preach the Word, to minister the Sacraments, and (for so we are most of us content to understand the work of "forgiving" or "retaining" sins) to exercise the Church's Discipline.

This is the *Vitai Lampas*, in its three branches, which the Church commits to the priest's hand to bear onward along the age. The triple lights

are to be reflected severally in the mind, heart, will of the priest's flock.

The Word—how shall the priest convey this? My brethren mostly think this so plain : he must read and expound the Bible and impart the Creeds, by sermon to the grown-up, by catechising to the young. I do not find it so plain as my brethren.

For what the priest has to impart when he ministers the Word is not a knowledge but a faith, though a faith which comes not without a knowing too. But faith, being the aliveness of a soul to God, can only be occasioned by another man, not caused. And this other occasions the aliveness of a brother's soul by his own personality ; that is, in the case of a preacher, by action of a faith in himself which mysteriously sets free as by a shock a like activity towards God in the soul he has touched. The preaching then of the Word must be an act of faith in the priest's mind such that the faith irradiates from that mind and casts the rays upon another mind, stirring it into life. This is why some brilliant sermons shed no light, and some spluttering smoky rush-light is the bright shining of a candle to a simple hearer. This is why some class-teachers of most definite and lucid doctrine work less clearness in

their class than some inferior adept in doctrine, whose mind is confusedly aflame with a truth and burns to get it out abroad. Yes, that is what I must tell my scholars—preaching is *faith thinking aloud*. “Aloud”: for the vibrations of your thought are to go out and wake the echo of other men’s thought. But “thinking”: for unless thought is happening in you while you preach there will be no vibrations to go out.

But again the Word is preached not from pulpit only but from prayer-desk and lectern. Can my Vice-Principal, I wonder, teach our men to read? I have noticed with regret that some instructors fail in this; and with indignation that some of their scholars, self-instructed only as I trust, seem when at the lectern to murder the sacred speech of *malice prepense*; whose condemnation is just.

I trust this is not too harsh. I believe this degradation of the Word read has been come to by stages, and that these readers believe they are obeying a principle. Some of them, it is commonly said, are conforming to what they suppose to be Catholic methods; for if the congregation cannot understand the lessons, they are no worse off than those of another Church, or than our own lay people were while the Word

was still read in Latin. But for my own part I like to find for them the excuse that they are blundering imitators of leaders most worthy of imitation, though most undeserving of this outrageous caricature. For was it not noted of one of the greatest in the goodly Tractarian fellowship, that he used in Littlemore Church to read the lessons in a level, formal, unemphasized, unemotional voice, as if he desired to utter the Divine oracles unmingled with the tones of a mortal personality? Yet, O reverent saint of the past, was not the Word made flesh, the Very Word? Then this lesser Word, the written Word of God, it too should be made flesh that it may save us: it too must clothe itself in the personality of a man that it may dwell among other men and be their saviour. Young brothers, what gracious opportunities are you trampling under foot, when you hurry and slur and slubber the recitations which your Church meant to be the articulate and penetrating appeal of spiritual poem, history, oratory, drama, to your soul who read and theirs who listen—sheep that now look up and are not fed. When all the while here at the lectern the opened holy page is waiting for your voice and the mind in that voice, to become a lively oracle to your people's ear. They the simpler sort, are as the children are,

where the ring is made round mother by the fire, and the poet's verse, which had small meaning for these little ones when they learnt it in school, and which none would have read at all for himself, can still and hold the group. By what spell now? By a witchery, which is the poet's music, but a music toned and tinted for them as it is strained through the person of that dear interpreter. Such should our Church's lector be, an interpreter of the Divine music. Even the sacred writer, the prophet old or new, was interpreter, and

could but speak

God's music by the framework and the chord

of his mortal idiosyncrasy. But the music the prophet has spoken needs, if it is to reach his fellows, to be again spoken by the framework and the chord of a human instrument. To many of our unlearned it is not yet a music but only like the dumb scroll of notes which a musician has scored, until the voice of a minister of the word descants to them the harmony. Here then is a ministry of the Word in which we must instruct our youth—how to minister at the lectern. Instruction indeed can go but a little way towards the achievement: can only impart the technique of voice management. (But then how badly that accomplishment needs

teaching among us!) The other thing one can only teach a scholar to teach himself, for this too is not a knowledge but a faith. The Word will on the reader's lips prosper in that whereto God sent it only if the faith which the Scripture is to propagate in the hearer lives in the speaker's own heart while he confesses it with the mouth. One cannot teach that art: yet one may, God being our helper, do something to inspire it.

Well, here is a study for us which I perhaps can lead without waiting for the Vice-Principal.

But I suppose we must wait for him before we approach the teaching of the second ministry, the Sacraments. All is so new in this study since I was priested myself. In twenty years one has become as a barbarian to the civilized, when one stands at the altar beside a celebrant who has moved with his times. "How does old A. get on at your High Mass?" I heard one stripling *savant* ask another. "Oh, well, we have to push him about a bit, you know," was the answer; at which my brow knitted, for A. in my knowledge of him was a leader in such things awhile back. However Cyril Sensier, as I am assured, is equipped with all that can be taught in this kind.

All that can be taught. Yes, but how much is that? What is teachable here can hardly hold a

larger proportion in the ministry of Sacraments than the knowledge of how to manage the breath and the mouth muscles holds in the ministry of the Word. There is little to teach, but what is there not to learn!

Why did it strike so on my mind, that word of my late Bishop, when he was explaining to some of us his choice of a vicar for St. Edmund's. "I have seen his parish, watched him at work there, heard him preach, and *seen him celebrate.*" What of that last? I asked myself. What is there to see in one man's celebrating to distinguish him from another? It indicates, of course, the school of churchmanship, a matter of first importance in filling up the vacancy at St. Edmund's; but I am sure from his tone the Bishop meant more than that. What then?

Perhaps he was well interpreted by Catharine's maid when she reported "I did love having Canon Addingham there this morning; he's better than anyone . . . except" she added loyally "the rector. And young Jack" (the bootboy) "he said so too".

Did the Bishop then mean that by which I, even in my old-fashioned ignorance of the altar detail, am so powerfully touched, the spell of the Ceremonial; the intimate suggestiveness that is breathed from the silver sheen on paten and

chalice and flagon, the rosy taper-flame, the snows of the "fayre linen," the dyes and sparkles of embroideries; the state and the reverence of the ministrant's motion, posture, act? Yes, all this, I am sure. (And how grateful do I feel to the men who through much ill report at one time have kept all this *beauty* of holiness for us, reaching back so far across an unmystical age to recover it for use!) All this the Bishop meant. But how much more! I have no words for it, unless they are the words I should find to record what passed at the altar when that saintly Over-Shepherd stood there himself to celebrate. But the words can't be found. It was ineffable, that communication which passed from him to us who kneeled on the chancel floor. One can but whisper that a faith in him that offered and presented there the sacrifice, ours and his own sacrifice—this faith that was in him had gone out in virtue from his vesture's hem and by "unimaginable touch" had lit upon our souls. We had "seen him celebrate," and to have seen him was to us—this.

So here is what no master can teach, yet these scholars of ours have to learn. Here is a mystery, and how unripe are my ponderings on it as yet. How often and for how long must I come back to them!

IX.

THE VICE-
PRINCI-
PAL.

CYRIL SENSIER came this afternoon, and the Ship's Company of the Navicella is now complete. One would say of him that he "took the stage well," when he entered : he is self-possessed, made himself at home at once. That might be merely manner, but he also makes on me by his air of preciseness and of energy the impression of an effective man. He seems to be moulding himself on a type which is not yet familiar to myself by personal contact, but which is no doubt a standard with his uncle's school (Sensier of Pattenley was our authority on ritual in the rural deanery). What I noticed in his talk with the men after supper was a freedom from the pomp and even the stiffness which one usually associates with the ecclesiastic temperament. There was indeed, when reference to professional matters had to be made, something of the tone and choice of expression which James Verley would I think call "sporting". I am not sure I quite liked this : but perhaps it helps to the

becoming all things to all men—a thing we clergy too often are without.

He has an excellent presence, tall, clean-limbed ; fine head of black hair ; with only the slight rigidity of figure, some lack of colour, and the clean-shaven face, to suggest the born ecclesiastic. Yes, the look of him gives me much confidence. Though I tell myself to distrust the indications of bodily presence, not merely on the puritan ground that one should not look on the countenance and stature, but because one's experience of appearance and reality in the human person is so paradoxical ; such insignificant physique proves so often the vessel of the great spirit, and the other way.

That he will justify his late Bishop's commendations to us as a sound historian and liturgist, and a tutor of good method, I felt some assurance at the first touch ; and this is a vast relief to me, who have scant experience of professional particulars, and am not quick at acquiring mechanism and methods in any system of fact. I will hope that he has also a mind elastic enough to take a ply from the Bishop's ground ideas of our work, and will not want to twist the work into a mould he brings from elsewhere. When that happens, as I have known it, wine-skins must stretch or break, either the incomer's or theirs whom he

joins. Please God, in our case both will stretch and neither break.

I was set musing by one little thing, a straw perhaps in the wind, in the talk at supper, where he and John sat together. Sensier was talking to him of one of the chaplain-tutors at the University, known to both, and dropped a remark with a tinge of disdain in it about the chaplain's method of handling the vessels after celebration. John raised his head and eyed him gravely, but did not take the point up. I hope our own new chaplain and tutor does not share that lack of proportion which I hear of, and have myself sometimes marked in certain priests of a very zealous school. These may be right in their zeal for particulars : but here in a training-place it is more important to impart the universal. We are not a technical school, we are to be a university of knowledge. But very likely Sensier only meant to blame the chaplain for being a sloven. John did not understand him so, however.

X.

SENSIER and I have had a strenuous evening over our curriculum. My head admonishes me that it has been no less. His capacity for drawing a scheme of work is admirable : I cannot be too grateful for his help on this side of our task, a side as uncongenial to myself as I am inapt to deal with it.

THE
PRAYER
BOOK.

He naturally refers constantly to the system of Becket Hall, which I suppose we are practically taking on here. To a young man like Sensier that system comes with authority : it is a *datum* which he does not go behind. I am less satisfied. We cannot plan an education of our priests by the sole help of a completed system, Becket Hall's or other. We must ask ourselves for what activity it is that we are educating our students. Sensier supposes that we all know what it is : the Church has laid it down. By the Church, however, I think he really means Becket Hall.

Now let us see. We have arranged the course of study of the Prayer Book. But what is to be the aim of this study ? For that must differ

according to the use the priest is to make of his knowledge of the Book. The Principal of Becket Hall, who is the most resolute opponent of Revision, and demanded at a late conference "the Prayer Book, the whole Prayer Book, and nothing but the Prayer book," will demur. To him the Book is, though he may not know it, a *datum*, like the Bible or the Creed. It is a block, as it were, of substance charged with a measure of spiritual force, which it can give out from itself to the worshippers upon contact. The priest must understand what the words and ritual of it mean, and that is enough: he can then by his utterance conduct the force given out from it to the souls of the worshippers. At least the refusal to touch the book seems to require such a theory. But I would rather say of the Prayer Book that it is a live thing, that its language is like those words of which the Greek said they had hands and feet: yes, feet to travel abreast of the pilgrim Church on her road through the age, and hands to point the road in doubtfulness, or to support any of her company who faint by the way. It cannot do this without mobility and adaptability, things which are elements of life, and things for which Revision is a name.

But if my conception is the nearer to the truth, the aim of our study will be to learn the secret

of what gives the Book its hands and feet. The study of its letter and its history is indispensable, but must be secondary to this and subsidiary. It is not easy, however, to lecture on this subject. Yet, when I think again, I see that this is exactly what we shall be teaching when we teach the Prayer Book as the instrument of Common Prayer. In what ways can the minister so apply the services prescribed as to cause the people to worship, and to worship as a people, one with another? Find out this and teach this. That is how to teach the Prayer Book to our priests that are to be. If our lecturer will bend all his studies this way, and manœuvre to this effect all his historical and literary resources, then he will be doing his task and helping his scholars to accomplishment.

Not that I doubt the Becket Hall people do the task as well as we can hope to do it here. I only wish we may get as far as they do in it, even with the start we may have of them through our clearer consciousness, if ours is such, of the goal to make for.

Yet I would like to fetch them another word from my Greek. If it was true that "life without self-examination is no life," it is also true that a Prayer Book without self-revision is no Book having hands and feet.

XI.

REVISION. REVISION of the Prayer Book—was that my talk yesterday with Sensier? Well no, not my talk with my young expert, not yet : but my thought afterwards with myself. But how far away from facts I was, if I got no farther. The Church's Book revised! Is it her Book or herself that needs revision, if she is to preach the Gospel to the Poor, that is to say to our English nation? It is herself she has to revise to-day.

My fellows in her communion will agree with me in this. We know we are unprofitable servants; it is soon said : we have done that which it was a duty to do. Nay, we have not done that. We must repent and do the former works or lose our candlestick. Yes, I shall provoke no one by saying we must revise the Church.

But how will it be when I come to say we must revise not the Church, but her way, her method, her system. Will they give me audience then? Much I fear that to whisper of this will be to whistle a hurricane, and raise it.

Justin Belmont came here a week ago hot from Convocation, red-hot. He had been supporting there a motion for the relief of candidates for the diaconate from the impracticable letter of their vow.

"We argued," said he, "that they are made to declare a belief about the Scripture which no one who reads a book can hold, which no one requires of them to hold, which no one thinks they could possibly hold, if only they have wits enough to be ministers of the faith in our Church. We pleaded that of bishops and priests we only demand what is reason, and why lay on the callow deacon a load that neither priest nor bishop can bear? All in vain. *Hinc movet Euphrates illinc Germania bellum* (his epigram seemed to soothe him a little); deep called to deep—to height, I should say,—the two wings of our English Clerus bore down on our stout but outnumbered centre, like two battalions surrounding a mutinous third, and swept us off the field." He paused, a little breathless. Then mustering himself, "It is amazing—Yes, *Clerus Anglicanus stupor mundi*." He flapped his powerful arms, and I still hear the gasp with which he sat down violently into that chair. Thomas was in it. With a yell he vacated it and fled, not to mix with our theologic wrangle.

I was a little set on edge myself by this vehemence, but I tried to mitigate Belmont: "It was disappointing certainly, but don't let us be too hard on them. It wasn't just dogmatism: fear, almost godly fear,—that was it. They thought, 'here's a leak in the dyke; we must stop it up with our hand like the little Dutch boy, else there will be a great letting out of water,' and they did not see they were clapping a palm on the safety valve. They had got the wrong metaphor, like all theologians when they make mistakes, called the danger flood, when they should have called it explosion."

"Oh, yes, fear right enough," said he. "But I don't know about godly fear. 'Why should all monks be cowards?' asks Becket in the play; and I'm going to ask why should all church dignitaries—or more than half of them—be cowards?"

"Well, now," I persisted, "we have a dignitary here, a very minor one, no doubt, Canon Bors at the Rectory. He was with me the day after Convocation, as warm—well no, not quite as warm—as you are about the vote, but on the other side. 'Ah! what we have to be thankful for!' he said; 'I really think it might have gone the wrong way if it had not been for that grand speech of the Dean of Aulden. Men seem so

miserably afraid' (now don't laugh, Belmont) 'so miserably afraid of professing the old truths if they are severe and not popular, and don't chime with the new philosophies and new intellectual "charities," as I think they call them. Sometimes I have feared, Principal, that the Church is gone soft. Not the Dean, though : he has the courage of his faith, and he made the rest of them have some. Yes, we have much to be thankful for.' There now, Belmont, look at that 'miserably afraid' and see yourself, that self of you 'gone soft,' as Canon Bors sees it. And, you know, Bors is a splendid worker here and a saint too, and I love him, as much, almost, as the men in workshops do."

Belmont laughed at the guns turned on him thus, and left in quite a good temper.

But I went on ruminating when he was gone, and there was no longer any need for me to man the dear Canon's battery. How about my boys? For that is where I come in here. They will be asking me, when I have a walk with any of them, what I think about the vote, and I cannot parry them as I did Belmont. What shall I answer my John, who will see right through the Dean's grand speech, and read behind his good primitive personality the religious actualities which it obscures in their passage? Well it is

odd, but it is not the deep-witted John who will embarrass me most. He has the historic sense, he knows that faith must grow with the ages, and that words which cannot keep pace with it will often cease to be quite true, and yet must be kept as the symbol for the new truth, while the Church is thinking out the new words. He will understand the necessity of equity and even legal fiction in the corporate life of the Church as of the State. The man I shall have trouble with is Matthews from the city office with his "honest trader" ethics. He will read Sir Andrew Strateman in the church weeklies, and will want to know why clergymen must not keep their contracts like business men, and, if they must, how can he sign on to believe things which he will not believe. It isn't good business, he will say, and he can't see that it is even good honesty. And I shall have to admit that good business it is not. Good business means, I suppose, practicality, accordance with facts; and how it can be practical to do in religion what no one does in trade (unless he wants to be bankrupt)—refuse to accommodate method to circumstance and change one when the other changes, is what I cannot see. And circumstance has changed in religion: we do not believe, or desire that a deacon should believe, that everything in the Bible is true. Then to

make the young man say he does believe it, is not good business, not even if we promise him, as of course we do, that we are not expecting him to keep his word ; that the terms of his promise are to mean something quite different and quite true and believable, "as the Principal will explain to him beforehand and so keep his honesty intact for him". Well, perhaps, if it is Matthews, and he has got a Principal to explain. But suppose it is the conscience of Matthews before he has a Principal, when he is only thinking "shall I be ordained?" while he still sits at his office desk. Suppose, as his nib pauses between one bill of exchange and the next, conscience nudges him with, "Are you going to swear to a bishop that you believe the earth took six days to make?" and he has got no *ductor dubitantium* to help him except worthy Sir Andrew's monthly letter on the ethics of subscription and the deplorable dishonesty of the new parsons. Why, Matthews will never come near the Principal, and so the Bishop will never hear his name. And how many and better names will the Bishops never hear? No, Bors, I love you right well, and I love even the cast-iron dogmatics of you, because *I* know what they really are ; they are yourself, your blessed self, the holy and humble man of heart you are, your loyalty to truth as

the Rector of Carleford troweth it, your love of Christ as Peter Bors has learned to confess the Christ, yes, your Christian's faith, your true, brave, living faith in the living God under these ill-fitting names for it, which once, half a century back, were its "beautiful garments," and now are, not to yourself indeed but to us, a misfit and even a disguise; I love you, dear Traditionist, right well, but I can't give thanks where you do for the "grand speech" of the Dean and the votes of the brethren, which keep bound on the necks of our deacons a yoke which neither their fathers the bishops nor their elder brothers the priests are able or are forced to bear.

And yet there is something to be thankful for in this intransigence of the traditionists. That political saying of last century that the State needs "Her Majesty's Opposition" as well as Her Majesty's Government, is as true of the Church. The resisters of reform are only less necessary agents of right change than the reformers' selves. It is a question, to speak with the biologists, of a right proportionment, in the developing organism, of the two forces of Growth and Structure. The Church has her Belmonts with their vital push to expand her limbs and organs towards the fulness of the stature divine; and also her stalwarts, like the Dean, with their bone and

grit to restrain and solidify the spreading framework, and to secure that to the fulness of the Church's stature the *measure* of the divine stature be not lacking. I esteem both of them highly in love for their work's sake, but not so highly either of them, unless both are there. Neither shall have all his way, else the Dean's "too much stiffness in refusing" will induce ossification, or Belmont's "too much easiness in admitting variation" will end us in collapse.

How soothing is a generalization ! For I am in quite genuine anxiety about the Church in this encounter, that sometimes threatens to embitter into tragedy, between our conservative and our modernizing Churchmen ; but when I tell myself that Tradition and Innovation are only our older acquaintances, Structure and Growth, which have been with us ever since life woke on this planet, and are now playing their world-old rôle on the stage ecclesiastic, I take much comfort. I must share this comfort with my two friends, and persuade Bors to welcome in Belmont the eternal youthfulness and spring-time of the Church, and Belmont to revere in Bors her virile maturity and august experience.

And this pacification will do excellently well, until there is something that wants pacifying, which will be the moment there is something in

particular to strive about. The balm of a generalization has no healing in it, when the rub to be balmed is a particular rub. Vain to remind my two friends how heaven has ordained that the Church shall be delivered of a truth only through the shrewd dialectic between Authority and Reason, and bid each rejoice in having so shrewd an opposite to stir the mettle of his soul : vain as to pour the same oil upon the waters when Old and New are in battle on the floor of Parliament. They would answer : " If truth is to be got, as you say, by war, and if principles are rained in blood, then let the blows fall and the blood flow by each laying on his hardest, and foul fall him who blanches first ".

Well, and I would not myself counsel them to stint the hardness of the knocks they exchange in the dialectic : rather I cheer them on to do their hardest. But I begin to see in the encounter something deeper than the clash of hostile principles. Under the dualism of Authority and Reason lies, one is sure, a unity. Authority is Reason and Reason is Authority, one same force working in a different medium. What is the name of that force ? Whatever it be, that force, when it is called authority, is some potency in the social organism as a whole : when it is called reason, is the same potency, operat-

ing in some organ or organs of the whole. Tradition is the Church's reasoning grown mature, her modernism is her reasoning growing again. The many-seasoned family tree of the faith has made much hard wood in stock and bough; this we call her dogma. But also she makes every spring new fibre in shoot and bud; the name of this is criticism. One same vital push built the stout trunk and the elastic slip. Can the stem disown the sliver, or the vine-tendrils say to the vine-stock, I have no need of thee? Till the fig-tree can bear olives and the vine figs, we must think Authority and Reason, Dogma and Modernism, Institution and Innovation, are the children in two generations of some nature that begets them all. What is that nature, what? Can one learn its name? If one could, then might one go to our disputants, the Old and the New, with a charm to turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers, and so thrust aside the curse that smites earth, where "ignorant armies clash by night" because each has misheard the war-signals of the other.

That would be worth doing—to find this force of which truth is begotten, to discover under Authority and Reason the true deep-down ground of belief, the basis of the creeds, the test of reality,

the bed-rock of the Church, the foundation laid by the tradition of Apostles and also by the vision of Prophets—to find this, and then lead my scholars here to see it where I have seen it. Mark, pastor of Elfton, Principal of the Chantry, to think, only to think, that perhaps and perhaps it was this you are sent to Carleford to do!

Dreamer, presumptuous dreamer, that *you* should discover this when the kings of thought and prophets of the faith have been on the quest since ever the Church began! No, Mark, this vision is not for thee; but thou shalt follow this great quest, and find, in God's mercy, some lesser vision, but a fair.

XII.

I do not know when I have heard a lecture which better achieved its proper aim than that which Littleward gave us last night on the History of the Tractarian Movement. It was admirable in form : for vivacity of character sketching it might have been "moving pictures" of the new Magic Lantern, as Tractarian and College Head and Bishop and Recluse and Protestant on the war-path, poured along in a procession of figures each with convincing portraiture of live feature, gait, or gesture. This was charming, but no great matter for our purpose. What delighted me was what disappointed, as I found, a colleague : there was a great deal about the Tractarians and their opponents, there was not a great deal about Tractarianism and the doctrines which it encountered and replaced or which it generated from itself and provoked in other schools. Sensier thinks this was an inversion of the right proportionment of principles and personalities. I do not agree. These personalities with their

A LEC-
TURE ON
THE
TRAC-
TARIANS.

action or suffering are the deeper and more permanent significance of the story. It must be so if we have been right in thinking that in the whole story of man what has eternal value is not the material effects he works upon the world but the spiritual life—or in simple men's language the character—which is the fire struck out in his soul by his collision and communion with the world. One can elevate the value of personalities without depressing that of principles. For there is here no need to disjoin the two. The worth of a personality, studied as engaged in a struggle of religion, is that the person is a principle become concrete and alive and thereby communicable to the student ; the worth of a principle lies in the power it shows to become thus incarnate in the flesh that is a man or a woman, who can dare and bear, love, suffer, and enjoy.

Sensier wanted, so he said this morning, to hear much more about the Notes of the true Church as held by Newman, about boisterous Ward's "Ideal," about the Sacrifice of the Mass, or again poor blundering Hampden's half-baked theory of creed and dogma. Well, the theologies of the movement have certainly to be studied and with an earnest curiosity ; but if even theology is secondary to spiritual life, it is not the doctrines thrown up by the movement which

should have the first and last attention of our priests to be ; it is the pentecostal impulse which rose and ran and runs to-day its course along our Church's history ; the track of the Spirit, who has left indeed among His footprints the reasonings and pronouncements of the schools, but has left deeper marks than these, more significant though less clear to scrutiny, in massive attitudes of Churchmen's mind and will towards final religious fact. These are the first and last lesson of the Tractarian history ; and when our lecturer made his discourse a drama, a Mystery Play shall I call it, nay, a tragedy, with its conflict of Old and New, and principles "rained in blood," with a Prometheus in John Henry Newman and an angry Olympus in that very wooden synod of Heads of Colleges, he was taking the best way of imparting the lesson. Ah, one thought, this is what has happened and can happen again. This is a campaign in the secular war of Soul against Sense and the World. It will be repeated, then, in the sweep of "Time's whirligig" : *erunt etiam altera bella*. And how will the opposites be named and armed, and what will be their watchwords? Will perhaps the successors of the Tractarian host find themselves, or without finding it out become, the locked phalanx of the Orthodox, with levelled pikes to "bear back both

friend and foe," driving off from their spear-points as foes or traitors or impossible allies some prophets in whose mouth the Spirit has put a word which is new and yet is true. Orthodoxy did this a man's lifetime ago : why should it not make the same blunder again? Because, one would like to say, that was a dead age, and ours is not. Nay, but there is a death which any age can die at any season and even amid an efflorescence of bright activities. It is the death of taking things for granted. To assume that any practice or even any precept of a church is a matter adjudged that may never be rejudged, a fixed point from which thought may travel forward but behind which it may not look, a postulate for reasonings which a disputant may not ask us to justify—this is, if not a death, at least an arrest of life. It is an arrest of life because it is a withholding of the sacrifice of self which makes a church, as it makes all things else, to live. There is a morning and an evening sacrifice which the Church offers to the Most High : it is the unceasing oblation of her whole self, her knowings and her doings, all that yesterday she thought or wrought, presented to the Divine scrutiny and decision, whether to be confirmed or repealed, to be continued or bettered or transfigured. No doubt this daily sacrifice was being withheld or

most slovenly offered in the Church of which the Bishops and Heads of Newman's days were the officers in highest place. No doubt the hands that rekindled the flame on the cold altar stone were the hands of Newman and his men. May it be that they have lit a flame which shall not be put out in the days of us their sons in the spirit! But "ease dulls grace" and indisposes to the effort of judging a new prophet on the merits of his message. It was so that time; the ways of Tractarians were called "dishonest," when the word should have been "disquieting". Well, and to-day one may hear "dishonesty" come back as an angry echo to a fresh voice which has disquieted some "haunt of ancient peace," a Churchman's breast, though the Church has still to pronounce her welcome or her rejection of its word. To his own mistress, the Church, the new prophet stands or falls: it would be common respect to her that we should give her time to judge if her servant is faithful or no.

Our fireside Conference after the lecture (that is what I called the discussions of a "foreign" lecture which we hold in the hour before Compline; but the men name it "Conclave") was certainly facilitated by our lecturer's biographical method. Personalities are not, spite of Plato,

unbecoming to philosophers, when the philosophers are young. Every one was ready to "heckle" Littleward about this or that actor or action of the drama he had so vividly put on the stage. With something perhaps of the national love of sport they seemed to single out the champion who touched their several sympathies. Hurrell Froude, with his Rupert-like love of onset, calling on his comrades "to make a row" if they wanted to effect anything, had, of course, Jem Verley for a backer; but he was also a general favourite. Ward was the object of mixed regard. That he so conscientiously supported Froude's policy of "making a row," stood to his credit; but his maladroit pestering of Newman with embarrassing questions on religious logic, when what Newman most needed for the process of his faith was quiet and non-committal, was more resented than the audacity was admired. Pierce had something to say in demur to the condemnation of the authorities for their persecuting attitude. Were we right in giving the name of "persecution" to it, was it any more than repression which they were bound to employ, as ideas then were, to doctrine which they thought noxious? (Pierce has perhaps learned in an Archdeacon's family to appreciate the difficulties of officials.) Littleward was inclined to concede

something on this head ; given the blindness of the dons their measures were not so inconsistent ; let us a little condone their harshness by the plea of “ invincible ignorance ”. Philips warmed up over “ *Nobis Procuratoribus non placet* ” ; his chosen hero is R. W. Church, holding the pass against a host with the good blade of the Proctor’s veto. That too one might trace to environment ; in his case not official but democratic : the tribune in the exercise of his veto has a first claim on the people’s loyalty. John, I thought, was rather backward this evening, till the talk flagged as if we had exhausted our subject. But then he looked across at Littleward and asked, “ What was it like for Newman after he joined the Romans ? Do you think he was happy—really ; did he find he had made a mistake ? ” I noticed a change in our lecturer at this, as if he was meeting something different from the rest of the party. To them he had been replying with a smiling ease and an older man’s tolerance for youngsters, but he drew himself together and made a pause before answering John. “ You ask to know a hard thing, which I think no one can tell you, for those who could will not wish, if the right answer is the sadder answer. The knowledge, could one have it, would be momentous in the science of religions. But then—to be happy, do we know

what that is?" We were silent. Then Newton had a word to contribute. "My father tells me of a college friend of his, who was a brilliant man, he says, but not with much hold on religious beliefs, who rang the bell of the Birmingham Oratory and asked if the Father would see him. He wanted to get his counsel about his course in life, and thought Newman would give him it though he wasn't Roman. Well, I did not hear what was said to this man, or I have forgotten: but the man said to my father, 'It was the saddest face I ever saw: I cannot tell you how sad he looked'." After a pause, "Of course," he added naively, "that was before he was made a Cardinal". We smiled at this a little, and the bell began for Compline.

XIII.

WHAT kind of a thing, I ask myself, is this Log of the Chantry going to be? What it ought to be, or at least what an unintended reader (if reader should ever find the key and get to it) would expect it to be, is an "intimate chronicle" of a venture in education, education for ministry in the Church of England. It ought to preserve our experiences of what can be done with Candidates for Orders, what curriculum and discipline can render their intellectual attainment more satisfactory to examining chaplains, their practical efficiency more according to their rectors' needs, their spiritual ethos more after the heart of the ordaining Bishop. It should supply some answer from us to the questions whether a two years' course is the minimum of a worthy training, whether only men with a university degree are adequate to our Church's ministry, whether a "don" can dispense with our technical studies on account of his classics or philosophy, and whether the very definite and seclusive system of some colleges, which outsiders criticize

ABOUT
THIS
DIARY.

as too "seminarist" or an education of more range which others would reproach as "modernist," is the better initiation of the evangelist who must be harmless but also wise. Then the diary ought to be telling how much time should be spent by the student in the daily Meditation, and how we should direct him in that exercise: even such homely matters as the right time-table for study and recreation, the degree of liberty to visit friends during term, the rules of abstinence at the due seasons, and so forth. Will this diary supply this requirement? That unintended reader would say he did not find much promise of it so far. There are reflections, he would remark, about many other matters, and perhaps I thought them good; but if they were as good as gold they did not make my treatise a Tractate on the Education of a Priest, whatever other kind of thing it might be.

Ha! good as gold: yes, like the delightful fellow who was let into a king's treasury to carry away all the gold he could on his person, who came out stuffed and pasted and plastered and powdered with gold-dust,—mouth, nostrils, hair, and beard,—"looking like anything rather than a man". That's how my diary will come out, "looking like anything rather than a book on the Theological College".

Never mind. In that case the book will only look like what it is, not an essay on the Institution of a Priest, but something of quite another scope. We mortals often do not know what we really are after in our works beneath the sun; and this humble worker's task in life may prove to be something far away from what it thought it was, the story of the first Principalship of Carleford Theological College.

PART II.

XIV.

YES, it is true. The keeping of a diary is a well-doing in which "patient continuance" is rare, and "final perseverance" a grace which is obtained by next to none. For it is now years—yes, nearly five, I see—since I last made an entry in my *chronique intime* of the Chantry. Well, is there much to deplore in that? History should be written when history is being made, and at our start we were making history, our own at any rate, if less than we conceited ourselves of the Church's. So we wrote it down. Then they all left us for their ministry, those "fair beginners of a time," and with them, one must confess, some breath of romance exhaled from the Chantry, and upon enthusiasm supervened plod. How else? It is the law of existence to which every daylight bears witness. For do not the horses of the Dawn, that come prancing across the threshold of night, settle down before noonday to a solid, practical, but

FIVE
YEARS
LATER.

way-consuming trot which drags the chariot towards the down-hill race of sunset? It is the same with the day of a man or of an enterprise of men, even an enterprise that is "born of the Spirit". That Spirit bloweth where it listeth, and also when : there is Pentecost and the hour of insight and impulse, and then a half-year of Sundays after Pentecost (as our brethren of Rome more significantly name them), when only the milestones change in an unchanging landscape of the plain.

Yet the Pentecosts come back, as surely though not so predictably as the dawns, and to mere register-making succeeds history-making. That is when again something happens. And something, as I surmise, has happened this morning.

It is a letter from John. I will transcribe part of it to the page where I have begun to write in this long neglected folio, the chronicle of the Chantry.

". . . Do you not think, dear Principal, that there is in these circumstances something that looks like a leading? I have been feeling all this about Driborough not being my right work for many months, but, while I only felt that much, I was rather ashamed of it ; thought it was my conceit or fastidiousness, or else that I had caught

that ailment your contemporary at Oxford was said to have 'invented as a new sin' for men in orders, Accidie. It is different now. It isn't that I think Driborough the wrong place for me. It is that I begin to see the right place. Yes, I don't forget Pythagoras, *Injussu Imperatoris, id est Dei, de præsidio et statione vitæ decedere*. But how if one is not being driven away from one's post, but called away, *jussu Imperatoris*. It looks like that to me, but you will let me come over and take—not the direction of my Father Confessor but the sweet counsel of my Soul's-friend, as I know you would much rather be called by your sons in the faith, and this very loving one

JOHN DESMOND.

Yes, something does happen to-day for John and therefore for me. But what? For "these circumstances" in which he finds "a leading" do not quite tell me that something. The teacups of Driborough drawing-rooms and parlours—how they quench the Spirit in a young curate is a well-known tale. And the mincing religious habits of leisured people in suburbs, I understand that too: John is feeling as I did that first afternoon here at the retreat in the Lady Chapel. Then every priest who catechizes young folk

has one day or other the moment's fainting-fit of conviction, when he tries to make sense to the child's mind of some metaphysical formula of the catechism, and the sense will not come, till the teacher feels himself to be a *chimæra* of the Schoolmen *bombinans in vacuo*, and loathes his own bombination. These are among the "circumstances" but I do not touch the fact in these. How of this other incident, less familiar to myself, his talk with the young banker, James Heavitree, who says to him "You mustn't ask me to come to church: I simply can't see the point of it: but if I can be of any use looking after your boys' club or coming on your finance committee and dunning some of your people, I'll do that for you and welcome". Heavitree will work a boys' club, will not come to church, for he does not see the point of it. My guess is that here is the incident on which John's mind has pivoted in its half-wheel from the Driborough work towards some other. We shall see when he comes next week, as I hope he will: but I begin to see already. He is finding that the Church has not quite the Gospel to the poor, when the poor are fine young bankers, with the thews and lustiness of the athlete and the business man's standard of "value," but with small capital of devotionality or introspection. Yes, yes, I will be bound

that's what John is out for. He will ride abroad in quest of the Gospel to the poor. Amen. The Lord hath called thee, my son. It shall be that if He call thee still thou shalt answer, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.

XV.

JOHN'S
PURPOSE.

MY guess as to what was moving John was neither wide of the mark nor very near. It was not Heavitree that was the matter with him, the real matter, though it contributed to the movement, and in our talk to-day was what we began with. Contact with a fine young Englishman, who wants to serve Christ and to help His Church, but treats some of her most trusted methods as irrelevances to the work, did help to wake in John his present discontent with the Church's outlook on reality ; but it is the Rothbury affair that penned that letter of his. Rothbury, who seems to have given up an intention of taking Orders for a journalist's career, but to have kept his interest in religion, had become an intimate of John's on the basis of those sympathies, and had been persuaded to resume communion, intermitted out of scruples which John dissipated. But then came that startling brochure of Rothbury's, "A Faith Reconstructed," which

beat such a dust out of the placid cushions of orthodox church-goers, that the whole parish was a-sneeze with repudiation. The Vicar thought the situation required some action on his part, for it was being conveyed to him that the appearance of this heretic at the altar-rail was a scandal to some of his flock. Very loth and late he wrote to Rothbury, confidentially, and asked him to take the "charitable" course of abstaining, for a time at any rate, from communicating in a church "where it was a stumbling-block to some of his fellow-worshippers". The other replied that of course he would abstain, but that to do so "charitably" was more than he felt able to promise: it seemed to himself that a man's fitness for communion could only be judged of by himself, but at any rate was a question between him and the priest alone: the Driborough communicants held no writ to be Inquisitors.

John is extremely angry with Colonel B ———, the true mover of all this trouble, and not a little disappointed with the Vicar. "But do not think," he said to me, "I wish to leave my work through want of sympathy with him or resentment on behalf of my friend. It is because this shock has made me feel that the Church, if this business represents her mind, is in a false attitude towards

believers like Rothbury. A believer he is, that I know perfectly, little as I agree with the positions of his tract ; and he is being excommunicated—for that is what it is of course, though the Vicar does it very tactfully—because he expresses his most genuine and deeply-held faith in language which a colonel with half-pay and no work pronounces heretical, on the ground that he, the Colonel, doesn't use it himself, and doesn't understand what it means. That is the fact simply stated. For the Church has not judged Rothbury, it is the Colonel. If the Church did judge of the heresy, I think there is a good chance she would acquit him, or at worst find his statement of her creed to be blundering and liable to misapprehension by the simple, yet not a difference from her teaching which called for a breach of communion. Anyhow the Church has not judged ; this military busybody is not the Church. But then who *is* the Church for this purpose. That is what has got into me, Principal, that at present no one is the Church for this. We have no court for the trial of new doctrine. And if I am told the diocesan Bishop is the judge, then I ask what Diocesan (supposing any bishop could give the time and toil it asks) would feel he was free to judge according to his own mind and conscience? He would say he could only

interpret the Church's statutes. But then how if the statutes no longer represent the true mind at this present time of the Church? Suppose your 'heretic' is not a heretic but a new prophet who is also a true, and that he brings a new interpretation of belief which the Church will accept as soon as she comes to consider and understand it, what then? Well it seems to me that the prophet will have to be condemned by however reluctant an episcopal judge at the dictation of some snorting old warhorse, only because the accused is in verbal disagreement with the Church's statute, while in mental and spiritual agreement with the Church's mind, if she had time and means to learn what her mind about the matter at this moment is." There he paused, and then added more quietly, "I'm not saying Rothbury is a true prophet, though I much doubt if he is a heretic. But some one else may presently be in his case who is a prophet, and I don't see how he is to fare any better." There he stopped for good.

"Well," I said, "I don't think I see yet why you should move from Driborough. Perhaps we do lack what you miss in the Church, a valid authority to interpret her mind; but your leaving your post will not provide this."

Then he looked up at me, his face lighting.

“ There’s no one else I can tell why. But I want to confess something to *you*—the only time I shall have ever come to confession : but you are not Confessor, you are Soul’s-friend to me. I’m going to confess to you . . . a sin—the sin that it is ‘to covet honour’: an ambition, I mean” . . . (I had to wait, and I was glad he dropped his eyes again.) “ Dear Father, I somehow feel I *shall* be able to do something to help. I can’t tell what, but something, if only I can get where I can think out what is in my mind already, but very dim. You remember Tennyson’s line, how one can see the

Far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born.

That is the way I am coming to know my purpose. . . . Yes, I have the hope of learning about communion, what makes it, what breaks it, really, not in word, not in law, but in truth. That is my quest, mine, I soberly believe. And I cannot go on it where I am, full of practical work that I never overtake, and with no wiser friend to take counsel with. No, let me come back here for a year or two, with some excuse for coming, something to do but not too much, and with you to talk with when I want. That’s

my confession, Father, and the absolution I ask you for is—to be absolved from Driborough.”

I do not know what I said to this. Nothing apt; I never can. But I know what I thought. The Lord hath spoken and His servant has heard.

XVI.

THREE IN COUNCIL

WHO taught us children in the schoolroom to chant "Two's company, three's trumpery"? Absurd. The best company time I ever spent was with two more (one's with us still) round a dinner table in a college room, when all the very best that was in each of us came hurrying to the door to welcome in the very best in the others, and one learnt that it is not good for man to be alone, because he is never quite the whole man of him till the other men are there too. And so it was, or almost so, last night, with John and James and me round my study fire. Almost. For that other three had "the ineffable sense of youth in common," and this time there were but two to share that "ineffable". . . . Nay, nay, there *were* three. At the touch of that youthfulness of theirs "the lightsome spirit of his youth returned" on this man, whose work once made him as a father to their minds, as his years are enough to make him a father in the flesh.

It must all go down here, though I have had

to sleep over it, by help of my jottings before I went late to bed. I shall have to record our speeches, theirs at least, with some of the freedom which we gratefully accord to Thucydides : like him I must preface them with a cautionary *ἐλεξαν τοιαδε*.

James Verley had come in from Southwark to confer with us before going to the family living of Norhampton. Some of the wiseheads there have been shaken portentously at that boy (a bare twenty-eight year old !) taking this preferment, with its social and class problems (they said) needing such experience and tact. The Bishop was appealed to in hopes he would privately cause a withdrawal ; but Barrington said "Tut ! My great uncle, Sir Walter, when he was not four years more than half Verley's age, had to rule a province in India for a bit. Of course he'll make some blunders : let them thank Heaven they've got a vicar young enough to make blunders, and make something else—as, say, a more wideawake Christian community out of that frumpy old St. Giles'. And if *they* can't be waked, that new quarter of the railway men is just made for this gallant youngster and he for them." So James is going all right, and comes to see us about it. "I'm really come," he says, to "settle Jonathan in at his new job," meaning

the Cathedral chaplaincy just arranged. But the official reason is the order of his uncle the patron to "go and get primed by our wisdom here" before he starts his own job. Wisdom! He gives, I expect, more than he gets. The sort of wisdom our English churchmanship wants nowadays is the wiseness that is in a push of warm blood through a young Englishman's veins, in a tongue well hung and not afraid to wag through fear of the frumps of society or of theology either, and, best of all, a little electric fluid in the brain, with a heart that dares let the lightnings play about outside the son of thunder. O golden Parrhesia, Mouth-boldness that Paul prayed his friends to pray for him, holy spirit of frank Utterance, how good art thou for the priest of a highly respectable and well-connected congregation of an English borough, and also for a missionary to the labour suburb at their doors. Well I am giving a true inventory of Verley's gifts for this pastorate, but it's not a full one till I set down that broad, ruddy countenance like a sunrise on a hill-top. All kind angels inspire and prosper my goodly scholar, this gallant James Boanerges; keep him in your hands that he dash not his foot against a stone and lame his march to victory.

But come; to our night of talk. It began with John drawing him on the night-work "across

the bridges," certain torch-light processions, "round-ups" James calls them, sacred raids in which they raked out taprooms and swept up street-corners and filled a church floor with very new acquaintances of the place, some of whom repeated this call. I told him I hoped these admirable tactics could be remodelled for the Northampton campaign where the features of the country were so different, except perhaps in the railway quarter. St. Giles' the Demure wants raiding, I said, as much almost as your old slum, but it's very difficult ground, that residents' quarter; highly enclosed I should say; wire-entanglements everywhere of prejudice and etiquette, deep earthworks of ancient stolidity which they have been piling up for generations; you'll never pound them down at long range, and I trust you may find it possible to rush them. However, I have a notion that for the first year or so your strategy will be to mask the frump-fortress while you capture the lines of the workmen's tenements. That may compel the surrender of the City Comfortable, when they see the plate-layers and the navvies going into the Kingdom before them. I don't know, but it might be tried.

John chimed in, "Yes, yes, go for the tenements first, Jem. It's what I'd like best myself,

but I couldn't do it, you can. Can't I see you rounding-up ; taking the honest fellow by the hand to lead him out of the pub ; or helping him out, I expect, by the scruff of the neck, and he rather gratified by the kind attentions, and saying he 'likes a parson what takes a man as he finds him'. You're just right for navvies, and the Church will look up in Norhampton. But then there are so many, many Hamptons and such a few Jem Verleys. I want Principal to tell me how the rest of us, who are not built for Christophers, are to carry Christianity across to this great new world of working men. If the Church cannot do this—well, how is one to find the heart to do the things we are doing, such as providing religious comforts for the Norhampton parlour people ?

"Yes, I know," he went on, thinking he read dissent on my face, which he did not, "I know, Principal, there are souls to be saved in the parlours too, and certainly in the sculleries. But still I feel that our shepherd duties nowadays want to be turned round the other way from the parable ; we ought to leave the one sheep safe in the fold and go after the ninety and nine in the wilderness. Don't you think it is so ?"

I said I was with him, except in the leaving the one sheep, but that for a paradox his way of

putting it might stand. But as we only had James at present to send after the ninety-nine, "shall not we ask him how he thinks of taking in hand these strayed sheep—no, that's not right, these other sheep that never were of this fold. What are you planning, James? How are you going to round-up—if that's the technicality—how will you round-up the ninety-nine sheep?"

No, that would not do. He hadn't come for this, but to be "primed" by us. Besides we had made him brag too much about what he had done, and he was not going to brag again of what he was going to do. Anyhow we were to teach him his job: that was what we were all here for.

"Why, that's right enough," said John. "That's what we *are* for. You have only to set forth your young ideas, and then, if we cannot give you any better of our own, we'll faithfully show you how bad yours are."

This seemed good sense, and it started him. Once off we soon got him on the run. But there was no need to excuse himself for brag; nothing was further from his tone. He began, "If you put it that way, John, there was a bit of a bad idea in my head, which I did want Principal and you to hear and say whether there is anything in it, or only my bumptiousness. Southwark makes

a man ask himself some shrewd questions about the Gospel to the Poor. Our Church methods are not up to much. The men don't come to church most of them ; there wouldn't be room if they did come. Very well, that set me asking myself how the Gospel was to go to people who will not come to it. Perhaps it might be the same way as the Gospel came to Jem Verley. What way was that then? How did I 'get religion'? Well it wasn't in a way to satisfy old Elijah, our shepherd at home, the village prophet, for he got his along with an awful stitch in the side and a shout of Glory Hallelujah. Perhaps I didn't get it. However if I did, it came to me in a fine mix-up with other things, when I got into the Fifth at Lillington : it came along with winning my second Fifteen colours, and the notion of playing up generally for the old foundation, as the Head always called it, which he was getting on its legs again. When I really thought about being religious, it was just those things over again for me, only set in a higher key ; it was the life and 'go' in a youngster with a new name for them. It was a sort of baptism, one might say, of the public school spirit. You know we had more than a bit of romance in us in those years of Lillington, and some of us who took things seriously after con-

firmation, that is how we took them : it was the schoolboy romance screwed up several pegs. Really I think that was how the Gospel came to James Verley.

“ Well, then, I say to myself, that’s the way it comes to other people : it will be their romance, screwed up. I suppose your mason and carpenter and even your spinner and pin-maker has got a romance somewhere about him ; must have, if he has a soul about him, as we all tell him he has. So I take it what we need to do is to show him that our Gospel is his own romance over again, only ours is the real true version of it. I should like to say to him, ‘ Don’t you get thinking that I’m come to stop your beer and make you do things that seem to look silly on you, and only fit for your wife and kiddies, like hymns about the New Jerusalem. I’m wanting to show you how to make the most of yourself and get the best out of your life, while you are doing your fifty years’ hard at making pins-heads or boot-heels. You don’t really think a man’s life is all grind or else all beer and skittles, nor half the one and half the other. There’s a something else, you know there is. You found it out one day when you first walked out with your young woman, and when the baby was born, and when you saw your pal chuck his drinking to get his

wife a new gown, or that nursemaid fetched the child out from the house on fire, or when news came of Broadshire lads standing fast under shell fire on the koppe. There, that's what our Gospel is about. I want to try and tell you what we know about that Something Else, how you can get hold of it for yourself, what a grand thing it is just to be a man, just to be a *good* working-man, good mate, good husband, good father. We'll talk about the New Jerusalem another day ; but I'm all with the man who said he was "out" for building Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land, or England's grim and grimy land either. Our Gospel is to show a man how he can have a good time, and see life well in a week of forty-four hours' work with Sunday off and half of Saturday. Is that an unlikely story, friend? Was not Jesus Christ a carpenter? Just let me tell you a little more about it, and then you can go off to the street-corner and see if the preacher there can do you better than we can.' "

Here we all made a pause to take breath. When I felt "time" had to be called, I said, "I see one thing that promises well for your campaign. Your method is soundly catholic ; it has the note of primitiveness, it was the way of our Church of England as early as when Edwin's

thane asked Paulinus to tell him whence the soul comes, like the sparrow into the King's hall, and whither away again into the night. Paulinus had come to tell them of that Something Else, which was not the fire on the King's hearth or the feast on the tables nor the working and fighting that won them ; Something Else that was on the farther side of the door in and the door out ; if the missionary knew of that, the pagan man would care to be a Christian. It seems to me your new way is the oldest way and likely to be the right one."

John took it up. " But I think Verley's plan of campaign has something new of its own too. Our Paulinus means to tell his pagans of a Something Else on the inside of the doors in and out, alongside of the fire-light and the victuals. He means to show them that, if the Kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, still the meat and drink can be the Kingdom, part of it. Isn't that so, Jem ? "

" That's a little like it—except the drink. It will be pretty hard to persuade my folk that drink is part of the Kingdom : it's the other way for them. You see their idea of a Christian is the man who doesn't drink, doesn't swear, doesn't bet, doesn't do—a few other things. They are under the Law, like old Jews : it is ' Thou shalt

not ' all the way. How not to do it, behold the art of being a Christian in Southwark."

" That is the misery of it," said John, " not for your working folk only : but," he persisted, " just there is the Gospel for us to preach, that Christianity is a man's life, his work, food, and play over again, but done better this time. I liked above all things what you said about its being a grand thing to be a man for the chance it gives of becoming a good one. What else is one's religion but having a man's life and living it the best way and living it out to the full? I should not know how to preach that Gospel to your workers myself, but I seem to know a little what the Gospel is, and you, Jem, will be able to preach it too."

Here we got upon the problem of the soulless trades. How can we teach a man who makes pin-heads or pin-points all day and every day, to make pins like a Christian? How is he to live this part of his existence Christianwise or indeed to *live* it any wise at all? Verley, however, reminded us that even pins, Christian-made or heathen, do not take up all a man's time. He cast a sum, and reckoned that with Sunday off and half Saturday and the evenings of the other five, one might say that the man has two-sevenths of the week outside his working hours. " I look

at it this way. Five-sevenths of his waking hours the man, your pin-maker that is, can't be counted to be living; it is as if this time was spent in sleep: put it at the worst he is just non-existent for those hours: his living is done in those two-sevenths of the week. Now that gives him a total life as working man which certainly is not a long one, little more than a third of ours; but if he can learn to be alive, really alive, while he lasts, his case is not worse than the case of a better-advantaged man who is cut off at forty. I don't say the case is not sad, but that is the measure of it."

"Not quite," I criticized. "Those five days when he is non-existing he is wearing out his body; then Sunday comes and his poor body lies a-bed (small blame to it), and how is his soul to get up and do any living? Then, when both of them are up, how are we to help him to use the Sabbath opportunity? Worship, no doubt. Well, James, we want to hear you on the working man at church. Tell us whether your people are like those of my anti-revisionist friends, who want, they assure me, 'The Prayer Book, the whole Prayer Book, and nothing but the Prayer Book'. What do you want in a Revision?"

James said he wanted a heap of things: "a new Lectionary, for Sundays at least, to save the

workman going home and telling his wife she wouldn't get him to church any more, where they read about three men in a furnace. 'He been a puddler, he know'd about blast-furnaces, and he know'd that story weren't right.' But there's something I want much more, and that is plenty of new prayers. My puddler, if he did come to church again, would say we gave him no chance : there's nothing said about smelting-furnaces and steam hammers, and nothing about trade unions and wages and a free breakfast table, nor yet about football and rabbit coursing. His affairs are not considered, he thinks, in our religion : he'd have to go to chapel or the parks for that. Now of course the Church cannot keep her Prayer Book up to date, like a Whitaker's Almanac ; but I should like to see a Liberty of Prophesying in prayer as well as in preaching. Why not authorize the minister by rubric to make some prayers of his own, and name the needs of the forge or warehouse or farm or coalpit : and the same with the thanksgivings ? I don't see why your 'nothing but the Prayer Book' people should stand out against this. We already do the thing in the sermon when we tell the congregation what to ask for or give thanks for ; my plan would be just a distribution of the sermon over the service, and good for both of them. The

sort of priests who try to let the sermon down in order to get the service up, ought to back me in turning preaching into praying. They criticize our extemporizing friends in the chapel because they 'preach the prayer,' so they surely will not object to our praying the preachment.

"But if I am to say, Principal, what I think about revising the Prayer Book, it is that we must revise a deal more than the Book if we are to tackle the slum. Here's the notion I'm getting in Southwark of what the 'Real Church,' has to do. We have to get our people to believe the Church is what we want to call it—real: that religion is good business. Now Mattins and Evensong and Eucharist are real to *us*; they are not to the common artisan and still less to the class under him. They are a good way of edifying your Christian when you have made one, but you can't convert your pagan that way. No, there's another way for that."

We waited, and then John asked what this way was.

"It's the way that old Elijah made converts. Conversion by contagion, I call it. As ignorant an old saint as you like, but full of Christianity, and it ran out of him at every pore. If you came too near him, you got religion, as from another sort you may get the measles. When one thinks

of it, that is how we get most things, like good manners or a panic; we catch them from someone. Now I believe this is how we clergy are to convert people: we must have Christianity in ourselves, then come near people and give it them. Conversion by contagion is the best name I can find for it."

John was highly pleased. "Yes, Jem, you are as right as can be; except perhaps about the Eucharist, on which I would like to say something presently. You want the evangelist to live among his heathen, do all the old things as before, the Prayer Book, and Hours, Services and Communions, that feed the fire in himself; but to trust not to these things for drawing in converts, but to personal contact with them in daily life of a man who tries to live the daily life Christian-wise. Only the labourers are few. We shall not get on very fast with the evangelizing of the millions, if we have to do it only by sprinkling our Elijahs among them."

"Oh, of course, it has to be worked on the snowball principle. The parson must set it rolling among the C.E.M.S., and they must speak every man to his neighbour, and every man to his brother saying, 'Know the Lord'. There is where I see the real supply of the 'work' which the Men's Society all

profess and say it is often so hard to invent for themselves : their work is to roll up the snowball by speaking every one to his neighbour. Yet I don't quite mean like the St. Andrew's Brotherhood, every man finding his own brother to bring in ; for does one actually expect to bring in the millions, if 'bring in' means make communicants of them or even churchgoers? No doubt every Christian is bound to be communicant, just as the Church is bound to be Holy and Catholic. Yes, just as much ; and the man will be the one just as soon as the Church is the other. Now here is where our 'realness' has to come in. It is *not* real to lay our plans of evangelizing on the lines of 'no churchgoer, no Christian'. Besides the Christianity of coming to church, there's the Christianity of being a decent member of the human race, one who does not steal, or swear falsely, or kill the life in his neighbour by hate or by lust. I say this decent behaviour in a multitude is a fruit of the Spirit, like devoutness or self-sacrifice in the few ; and if we priests and religious lay-folk can convert the many to only this much of the Faith by ourselves living among them the life of a worshipper, then we are not to break our hearts, like some good fellows, because we can bring so few to the altar rail and not too many even inside the church door.

Are the people lost who keep outside? Are there no degrees of being saved? Well, I believe a man, like Chisleton at Linbourn, who does only the ordinary things in the way of services and parish work, but lets the villagers know him and his family and the life they lead, I believe he is a real redeemer of that grace-forsaken place. People say 'Linbourn is grown quite respectable now'; but I say 'Linbourn is being saved'. Not many more communicants are on the roll than in the bad time, but do I suppose there is not more salvation of souls going on in that forlorn parish, because Chisleton has not tuned things up to salvation-pitch, only up to that of decency? I don't. When Bill, though he hasn't taken to church, has given up beating Jenny, I think some salvation has come to that house and Bill is on the way to be a son of the Church. This is a way, I think, in which we labourers shall reap where we sow: only one must have the eyes to see the harvest. It is the part of a 'Real Churchman' to see it, and thank God and take courage. Am I wrong, Principal?"

Naturally he had me with him here, but I set John on to make the objection he had promised.

"Yes—about the Eucharist. You coupled it with the other offices as not being real to

workpeople. But I can't think they are on the same level as to 'realness'. It is the Eucharist that is the most real to such a man: I believe the sacramentalists are right there, it is *the* service for him. I felt that, when I watched the market folk in Italy at mass. I said to myself, 'That young workman in the soiled blue cloth with his eyes on the priest—what is it that happens to him? Most likely he knows no doctrine about it; he is only aware of the Something Else that Jem spoke of, something else than himself and his tools in the basket, and which matters to him more than they. He does not go to the chancel step and receive the wafer, but there where he is he feels a touch of the eternal world and knows that he is a part of it. I say that is communicating; he has intercourse with the Unseen; Christ that enters, he is told, the bread on the paten, enters this poor mortal's flesh; the Incarnation that passes on the altar passes also in the vague peasant soul, that stands afar off and asks God to be merciful to him a sinner for last night's brawl or theft.'

"Now if that is what happens, the Mass is the right instrument of the Incarnation for the people who think with their eyes more than their ears, even if they do not communicate. It is not the Transubstantiation nor the magic which

works on the man, it is the drama, the Spiritual truth not told but done, the 'Passions-Spiel' of the Eucharist. This is why I think we are not wrong in making a spectacle of the celebration, especially in a church of the working class."

Verley backed him up. "I'm no good at rites and ceremonies," he said, "but I half turned ritualist when I was helping at St. Gabriel's, a high celebration, and noticed what a hold it took on the clerks and a good few artisans, even, I thought, on those who only 'assisted'. What do you, Principal, think about non-communicating attendance?"

"I think more of it than I did, after listening to John. But if you think there is only a difference of degree and not of kind between that and communicating, then I disagree. No doubt we could get men to look on who cannot be got to receive: they are saved the self-committal there is in the corporeal action. But perhaps that spoils all; they miss the fact which clinches faith, the act of the man's bodily nature by which he touches the Divine Reality, touches It with the whole self of him. The Passion of Christ in His body was the clinch (if I may call it so) of the Incarnation: the communion with the bodily symbols of that Passion is the clinch of our union with the Incarnate One. The truest fear of non-

communicating worship is less the fear of idolatry than that our communicants should content themselves with the easier course, and full communion be forsaken.

"But, dear friends, look at the clock. Can we take on this great matter at the time of night it is? I move the closure."

"Oh, but not," cried John, "till we give Jem a send-off. He's away to-morrow early."

"So, God speed you, you big, brawny Christopher, carrying the Christ across the gulf to the shore of the poor man. Go on, go on. You are off on the Real Church's service, and the realest, to seek and save the *anima naturaliter Christiana* under the greasy blue jacket, and have the rough fellow bless you back, when Orson finds Valentine is his own brother, and one is their father even 'our fair father Christ'. We would all go with you there, but we haven't Christopher's thews, so we must stay at home and do what we are fit for. But here's our prayer to go with you, and there's use in that, I've come to think." . . . He paused, "Prayer is the man. Where it goes the man goes. Yes, we shall be there too, Jem, alongside."

The other, much moved, "Thank you for that. It's a right good blessing, my brother Jonathan : thou hast strengthened my hands in God."

XVII.

THE IN-
SPECTOR.

OUR diocesan inspector met J. D. at lunch to-day, and declaimed against the Undenominationalists.

When Stubbs had set forth the folly of the Dean of Nochester who had been talking of a Common Christianity which can be taught in schools, and ended with his "astonishment that anyone could imagine, even one of our new deans, that teaching can do good without being definite, clear-cut, so as to make an impression on the child's mind," John looked across and said, "I never feel quite sure what definiteness means, when one teaches children. Now the catechism is definite enough, if you look at the language, say, in the section on the sacraments. But it never gave me, when I was a school child, any definite ideas : I fancy it was a fog of words to me. I did not quite feel as a boy-friend of mine did who told me that at his first school they had in the parson once a week to give a religious lesson, and he 'just hated it'. I

didn't agree, but then I was taught at home, and I think perhaps that parson was a little too definite, and that that was what made the boy hate it."

Stubbs was a trifle nettled, and gave us severely his experience of Canon Smithson's school as an example of what definiteness can do. The results when he inspected there were first-rate; prompt, bright answers made you see they had been carefully taught on the lines of our syllabus: the top standards gave you back the Vicar's teaching in a way that showed great retentiveness. It was a very different story at—well, he would not name the place, but things are very broad there at the rectory, and the master is from that three-parts agnostic training college at Chilhampton. The Rector teaches four days a week, and it is fair to say the children like to be taken by him; but I cannot say the children give me back whatever it is they get from him. No, *ex nihilo nihil fit*: and *ex nebula*—not much more.

We honoured the expert's judgment by a moment's silence, and then John remarked:—

"Perhaps I ought not to say it before a school inspector, but I sometimes wonder if it is possible to inspect religious teaching, if inspecting means looking into things. One can report on the

writing and the arithmetic of a school, for one can see them write and do sums, but how is one to report on their religious knowledge, for how can one see them do it?"

Stubbs, I thought, became—may I in this privacy say "stubbly," for bristly would overstate it? but with a difficult meekness he rejoined that he did his humble best as a servant of the Church to carry out instructions, and these were to discover whether the children were learning the Bible and the Prayer Book. He did not think it impossible to ascertain whether they had some knowledge of those works.

John admitted this, but would Stubbs call it *religious* knowledge?

"That is what the diocese is contented to call it." There were now unmistakable bristles, and I thought I must interpose and save John from the temptation of irony, so I put in that "Desmond, I expect, is feeling what I used to feel about examining a class in literature. You can find out if the class has been taught the plot of a Shakespeare play and some commonplaces about the characters and the derivation of out of the way words, but no question paper will ascertain whether the teacher has inspired his class with a sense of the music in Shakespeare's 'lofty line' or laid the spell of tragedy on them. I can remember

being one of a class where the master was like Matt Arnold's Byron—

He taught us little, but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder roll,

and he could have done nothing better for us ; but an outside examiner could never have gauged the vibrations of that 'thunder-roll' on the soul of the class. All the same we had to be taught the Shakespeare, else the thunder would have rolled in vain, and we needed to be examined to ensure its being taught. Isn't that rather like what you are meaning, Desmond?"

John said I had put his meaning better than he had known how, and he added (in the same tones he had been using, so that he had not really been mocking) that he hoped Stubbs would not think he was minimizing the inspector's office, and certainly not the discharge of it in the present hands, for he knew how that was valued in our deanery from more than one of the clergy. But he did think we were rather apt in this education controversy to speak as if religion and religious knowledge were the same thing, and it might misdirect the Church policy. That was what had been in his mind when he spoke about inspection.

Stubbs lowered his quills under this peaceable

treatment and the conversation ambled off to the allied but guileless topic of the New Schoolmaster and the Montessori System, which Stubbs expounded with some mastery, and earned our grateful appreciation. I doubt if I took it up as well as John, but that was in part because my mind was straying somewhat in pursuit of John's meaning in his late dialectic passage. I think I overtake it. Institutional Religion—there's the religion which is not John's. He has not the Latin mind. Rome was schoolmistress from the beginning, has been so under every government, and I suppose we ourselves are often romanizing unaware when we put more trust in the institutions, the catechism and syllabus and inspection and education act, than the things can safely carry. That is not John's danger, no. Yet I see a danger-signal here for his development. For if the Latin way can conduct to sterility, yet I would not have his native bent carry him into that other wilderness, the mystic's. He is our flower. O ye showers and dews of the Lord, keep our scholar from either barrenness : bring flower to fruit.

XVIII.

“OUR Circle” met in very full circle this time. The subject for discussion promised us that : one foresaw that Oldham’s recent book “The Spiritual Trusteeship,” which Archdeacon James was to appreciate in his paper, would prove a rallying signal for our Conservative Churchmen and our Liberal alike.

“OUR
CIRCLE”
MEETS.

James was a sympathetic critic of his college contemporary’s book. Just a little patronizing perhaps, as if he could not forget the days when the author and he were members of their college Essay Society. At that point they were more equal in their literary reputations than they have been since James’ mainly practical career denied him prominence among strict thinkers in theology. Patronizing, but not a bit minimizing. Indeed he was somewhat enthusiastic in his presentation of Oldham’s courageous attitude towards certain domineering critics over the water, whose speculations on Christian Beginnings have laid some

spell on our younger scholars. "I confess," he said at one point, "great admiration for the mental hardiness of the book, its healthy, hearty, English insularity, the writer's refusal to be bluffed, as some of us are, by the self-confidence of a critic if the vowels of his name happen to have a different value from our own, or if his syntax is more ponderously entangled and his exact drift open only to conjecture by our poor English wits." Then, on his own account he dropped a little acid upon the theory of Stolz. "Are we really going to be imposed on by this egregious phantasy of the elaboration of the doctrine of the Trinity out of a Zoroastrian sect which he has unearthed somewhere on the Persian gulf? This bumptious nonsense will go the way of a few other discoveries of the foreign critics whose mare's-nests now are left unto them desolate;" a remark which left me asking myself if the bump-tiousness were all on one side of the sea and theologic humility an appanage only of our Anglican Church.

Newfoakes, the ex-headmaster (Smythies, Bors' curate, thinks him and a colleague who has followed him here from Lillington to be "the two most dangerous men in the diocese"), was looked at by some of us to take up the challenges which the paper had thrown down. He did it,

but without alacrity, and like a tired man. "I have been feeling about the book somewhat as a reviewer of Seaforth's 'Virgil Illustrated,' who said the work had been done so well that it was a sad pity it had not been done better. I don't quite know what the man meant, but he finds me words for the sort of half-disappointed admiration which Oldham leaves with me. What the Arch-deacon has said about his refreshing hardiness of thought strikes me as most just. And it is not the hardiness of two generations back, when our intellectual courage was too much the gift to us of our ignorance and conceit. It is a well-informed hardihood, he knows the arguments which he is replying to. But that is where the disappointment comes. He seems to be conscious of principles of criticism which are adequate to the discussion of religious problems under the light of our new scholarship, and he more than half accepts them, though he avows them only in guarded phraseology of his own. But then he does not go on where his principles must carry him. It is as if he had loaded his gun with the due 14-inch cartridge, and then when he fires it off the shot drops a long way short of the target: somewhere the explosive stuff in the charge must have leaked out, I suppose." Then he went into some particulars about the history

of the dogmatic tradition, gaining very little of that adherence which an audience can demonstrate so palpably without a sound or a look.

Since two of a trade are proverbially unable to agree it was inevitable that Jefferson, the Chaplain from Bridgenorth College who can get over to us for the September meeting, should be on the other side to Newfoakes. He spoke with a measure, a measure rather running over one felt, of pastoral responsibility for the faith of our young Church people. He disclaimed (again with a modesty in excess of the requirements, for he took a *good* Second in theology), the right to criticize the dogmatic positions of the book before us, and said that the only contribution he could fitly make must come from his experience as teacher in a boys' school. Did not Newfoakes agree with him that we must keep Biblical criticism at arm's-length from the public schools? There at any rate one must be dogmatic, and not be afraid of being behind the times. Of course we must have progress in theology, he knew, but the schoolmasters were not the right pace-makers in that race. Some of our young masters were a trouble in this way. When a sixth-form master of six-and-twenty (he must not name, but Newfoakes would probably

guess) is in the habit of airing his acquisition of the last new book of German scholarship by telling the boys in a sort of aside that he, their master, has no use for—well, for our best-established divines, it seemed high time for a little discipline in the Church's teaching faculty. But anyhow, and without questioning the value of a man's theology in his twenties, he thought what we wanted for a class of boys was not so much the teacher's theology as his religion, which is a different thing. (A sigh of assent escaped John at this.)

I suppose we were feeling we had heard enough from the men of the School, and wanted to listen to men of the home and parish. At any rate there was some signalling now for Langton, our best Tractarian, "in whom that ancient honour more appears than any that draw breath in" Carleford. The Chairman called on him, and this "old disciple" drew in his long legs, and swayed forward that benevolent countenance, venerated high and low and wide, poising its weight with large hands upon bony knees. One could quite see the long, friendly nose meditating for a few seconds, before he said, "No—well, really—I don't feel as if I have anything to say worth anyone's hearing. I keep up so badly with the times : I can't read German

like some of you, and I know very little of what has been doing since criticism came in. I suppose I'm not much farther on than where the *Lux Mundi* people brought me, and left me by the wayside, you will say. So if I am to join this discussion it can only be to say how we backward scholars are struck by the new ideas that are about in the Church . . . Well, we are puzzled : that's what we are, puzzled. We always have understood 'the faith once delivered unto the saints' meant the Bible, and after the Bible the Creeds. Of course we see that the Bible needs to be interpreted to Christians ; that is the office of the Church, and we do not think any Scripture can be 'of private interpretation'. Well, but these critics—now please don't think I am judging them ; I couldn't, not having read them ; I only take what those who know more tell me—these critics are very private interpreters. Isn't it so? Do they not give us just their own private ideas about our blessed Lord, just on their own single authority? Old-fashioned people like me want to hear what the *Church* says about those ideas. I daresay we are rather stupid, and indolent too, but it is not all our stupidity and dislike of change that makes us unready to accept new thoughts : we recognize that scientific discoveries have made us change

the way of understanding parts of the Bible, I mean, of the Old Testament. For instance, we have all long ago given up the Six Days' creation" ("Not everybody yet," was overheard from Jenkins) "and Joshua's sun in Ajalon. But then we know that the Church has given them up, and we can do it obediently. Then too these things are not in the Creeds. But when a critic asks us to believe that the New Testament writers are wrong about the Empty Grave, and that the Body of our Lord did not rise but only an Appearance of Him was seen by the disciples, then we feel we are asked to give up part of the deposit of faith with which the Church was entrusted. It is the Church that received these truths at the beginning and hands them on as a trust to aftertimes, and if we are to give them up it can only be if first the Church gives them up. But has the Church done so? . . . Well, yes, I know some of the brethren here will tell us that we are not asked to give up anything that matters to our faith; that they are as sure as they ever were that Christ really rose and really showed Himself alive, only the way of it was different from what the Church once believed. That is where I feel puzzled, as I said just now. For what they say does not seem quite unreasonable, in a spiritual way of looking

at the Resurrection : please don't think I suppose that people who think that way must have less real faith than we have : perhaps they have much more. But there it is : the Church has always taught that the Body did rise, and has the Church changed her mind? . . . The only other thing I should like to say is that as a parish priest I have another difficulty. The Gospel is for the Poor. But the Poor—what kind of a Gospel for them is this Resurrection of Christ without the Body? Can these simple folk take in the belief that Jesus really came to the disciples, if He did so only in a spiritual way, not a bodily? But if they cannot believe it, then to the Poor a Gospel is not preached, if it is only preached that way. That makes me very unable to think it can be the true Gospel for anyone, poor or not. One must be humble in judging about these mysteries, especially when one has no brains for philosophies : but one can only say what one feels, and I feel these philosophic people must be wrong somehow. But I hope they won't think me uncharitable. I try not to be."

This was where I hoped John would be drawn in to speak, for he had been watching Langton with a cordial expression, but things turned out very differently indeed, for Bulling (whom

Julian introduced to the Circle as a younger man "whose Christianity was sound and also vigorous") broke in. I am afraid that "broke in" is the right word for Bulling's interpolations: he certainly is vigorous. And sound? Well, there is always plenty of sound when he breaks in. (Dear Memory of Julian, forgive me that sorry and ill-natured gibe at your protégé: yet if the saints in peace can blush for mortals, your gentle shade must feel creep over you the "something of a rosy shame" which Browning fancied for them, when you overhear the curate of St. Matthew's on his rostrum.) Bulling dragged the debate away as it were with a cart-rope from the New Testament to the Old, which no one was thinking of ("Bulling it, as usual," murmured Jenkins into my deaf right ear), and on that chosen field he valorously bludgeoned the reputes, scholarly and theologic together, of the critics of Daniel. ("Quite a lion in a den of Daniels, eh?" muttered the importunate one on my right to my still obdurate countenance.) When, at an obstreperous challenge addressed to the distinctive critics, at large, a "let them all come," to disprove if they could the historicity of the Fiery Furnace, Newfoakes shook his head sadly, Bulling turned his battery on him, with a "Have you read Sir Ephraim Thwaites on Daniel?"

and receiving a still more mournful head-shaking, told him not without ferocity that he "had better do so : it would answer his doubt".

Upon this shameless explosion (I never found our brother quite so detonating as to-day) there supervened a moment of awed silence. But Bors in the chair with excellent address suggested that we should like to hear our new member on the subject, from which he thought we were a little getting away. I wanted our scholar of the Chantry to please the Circle, who know little of him beyond his University record. Was I a Scots dominie bringing his "lad o' pairts" to the manse, for the old scholar there to examine with a view to a college career? It felt like that, and I was grateful to Bulling : his oration would be most ingratiating for whoever followed him. John took up the title of the book "The Spiritual Trusteeship," and said it had suggested something to him as to the problem of re-interpretation of Church doctrine. Trust and Deposit were metaphors from the bank and law court, and he supposed we must be on the watch as always against our metaphors misleading an argument ; but it had struck him that in this case the legal figure lent itself very aptly to help our thinkings in this new problem of the Creeds.

"I am thinking how some entailed property,

transmitted to the heir as an estate with a house on it, through trustees empowered to convert it into other values, might become a property of railway or colonial stock. It would then be known as, say, 'the Hasledon money,' after the family name. Now the land after the re-investment by the trustees has lost half its worth for the new owner because the neighbouring town has decayed and building land become valueless : but the new investments, less corporeal, are permanent—till new changes come.

" Might one say then that we trustees of the Deposit of Faith are discharging our trust rightly if we reinvest its value in new spiritual conceptions. If we kept the old body of the property (which might prove a 'body of death') we should not be fraudulent trustees, but we should be unfortunate in our trusteeship. We ought surely to watch the spiritual market and, if need be, change our securities so as to safeguard the old values in a new and prosperous embodiment."

Some knitting of brows and pursing of lips at this. My own turn coming I made the remark that Mr. Desmond's thought of the reinvestment of entrusted values might help us to understand in a new way the Christ-saying, " It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the

Comforter will not come unto you". Might we render it as if Jesus were saying, "My truth is embodied now in this corporeal presence of me, and it will be not limited only but lost if it remains there in this body? It must be re-embodied in a non-corporeal, non-finite, spiritual body, which shall not be a body of death; and this shall be, for I do not die as this body will die, I do but change my life, and by changing it make it yours again and more really yours."

At this word John threw me a grateful look; it pleased me to win it.

Bors winding up said we could persuade him, if there could ever be again the same new moment in the Church history as when Christ "changed His life". But that was, we must think, a unique moment, never recurring. As a fact the Church for nineteen centuries had found no need to alter her understanding of the revealed facts on which we rest—Incarnation, Atonement, Resurrection. These were facts, they had happened once, they were beyond change now, he did not see how our minds could ever outgrow a revealed fact. No doubt the phraseology in which we explain the fact to our flocks would have to be altered a little as the language of the people alters in the course of time; but we could modify the language of our

instruction in classes without touching the terms of the Creed. There he thought a line must be drawn.

I wonder if Smythies will now report John and me to his friends as "the next most dangerous men in the diocese".

XIX.

"STAR TO
STAR VI-
BRATES
LIGHT"

JOHN has said little, though perhaps he has done much, since he joined us. His idea that he would use our counsels here in his theological project has so far been disappointed. I do not wonder. Did I find at his age that one could bring an elder's mind, even the nearest, into conference on the thought which lay deepest in one's own soul? There was the fear lest a divergence should appear and turn away the father's heart from the children's, and that too on a false issue because the divergence was only seeming and in the ripened thought the gap would be refilled. And then there was the instinctive modesty and reverence which makes all nature keep the birth-processes veiled, at the birth of mind as well as of body. I must not grudge this incommunicableness in him, now the elder is myself.

And a glimpse of his mind we did, I think, get in his Easter sermon. Public confession is for the strong spirits more convenient than

auricular ; what is lost in secrecy is gained in freedom by the impersonality of the disclosure from a pulpit. A *suppressio veri* while the *verum* is not yet ripe for verification to the preacher's audience and perhaps not even verified for himself, is not merely guiltless ; the suppression may be part of the preacher's responsibility. He is the ordained and licensed of the Church, but what she licenses is not his mere idiosyncrasy, still less his experimental idiosyncrasy. There was meaning for me in the passage where he dealt with the gift of the Spirit in the Upper Room. (" He breathed on them " . . . " Receive ye the Holy Ghost.") He has it that the speech and the gift were directed to the "whole congregation of Christ's Church," not the Apostolic college ; and a hardening which came into his tone when he referred to the Church theory of the Institutionalists, compared with an enthusiasm which I at least could detect in his argument for the more democratic conception of the first Christian polity, seemed to tell me something of him. But the glimpse was got in sentences which I retain. "How can we interpret the sacrament of that moment, 'He breathed on them,' except as conveying a gift of Life, the Life which Christ brought, which He was? One is surely meant to think how 'God formed man

out of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.' One must venture it, that here too there was a making of man ; a recreation by the Christ, a breathing in of the life which was His. The symbol is far less intelligible as a sacrament conveying the grace of ecclesiastic rule or of priestly absolving power. Yet this it could be if rule and absolution can be thought of as specific energies of that Life. That indeed is how we ought to think of it. But do we? In our researches and reasonings about the founding of the Kingdom do we use the methods of students who inquire into the vital facts of that living organism the Body of Christ, or are we still using the methods of legal and political scholarship? If we are, it cannot be that we are being led by the Spirit into *all* truth. One wonders whether there will not need arise some Copernicus of religion, inspired to lead his fellows into vaster horizons and make revolution in all our vision of the world of Spirit."

Now what have we here? Much more than met the ear. Not a word perhaps more than I should be ready to say myself. But behind the word was the accent, and it stirred in me curiosity, and an anticipation not quite unedged with apprehension.

I wonder if Bors saw anything in it. I stole a look at him once or twice, but did not surprise any disturbance on his placid features. But then what John was speaking of was only in the region of ideas.

.

John a little surprised me this afternoon, when on a walk we discussed Grantham's modernizing article in the "New Interpreter"; surprised me by the want of sympathy he evinced with the writer. John cannot be so "modernist" as I was thinking him. He was not hostile to the contentions in the article, but merely cold and aloof, as if the thing did not matter very much, or mattered, say, as does a controversy of our Hebraists on Israelite origins. The fault I was for finding was the under-current of acrimony in Grantham's manner; and he assented, but still indifferently. No, it is something more radical that shuts off his sympathy with the modernizing brotherhood, or with this branch of them. It is their intellectualism. That I saw the moment we turned off to the neighbour article in the number, Syke's, "The latest word on Telepathy". He warmed up curiously. "Don't you feel rather excited," he said; "I'm promising myself a wonderful new time in theology to come out of this research". And then later, "Of course, if they do prove that

their messages certainly come from the 'discarnate,' it will be no news. It will to some of them—not to *us*". There he checked himself rather suddenly, and it checked me, knowing what had come into his mind, and who. So, to relieve a silence that fell, I began to prose about my own expectation that what we were dealing with in this research are laws as natural as the rest, and within John's time or perhaps my own will have made the descent from the rank of the magical to the status of domestic service. But I was talking this, not thinking it : what I was thinking was about John's "new time in theology". I did not question him, because of that consciousness between us of which he had touched the spring. Another time.

Yet why should I wait till I know what John meant? I ought to be able to know for myself whether this "new time" is imminent. What, however, does one mean by a new time? In theology, I have always told myself, nothing is new, except in a way of speaking ; there are only new words for the old facts which have been our facts from the beginning. Whatever the Divine Reality is which environs humanity, and whatever the relations are in which the human soul stands to It, that Reality has always been there, and the relations to it which make

the nature and the fate of the soul have also existed as long as souls have been. That is why one has no panics about the faith, but when one hears of wars and rumours of wars to be waged against our Creed from the side of Eastern theosophy or Western scholarship, one is not terrified ; rather I look up and expect that a redemption is drawing nigh. For the war of criticism, or, if that can be, of mysticism, against faith is a misleading metaphor, which has much imposed upon the orthodox. War there is, but the war is only the fight for existence by which all organic things, and among them the soul, live their every hour of living. Criticism is the response of mind to the stimulus pressed nearer home of the envioning fact : it is consciousness drawing a deeper breath, rousing a stronger pulse, sharpening the edge of vision, knitting a subtler complication of the nerve, a tenser sinew of the living soul which is a man. Theology is the register kept of this progressive accommodation ; it is the history, the autobiography of the soul, or as I should say the Church's soul. The work of the theologian, if he knows his business at least, is to keep the record up to date. When our apologists insist that the dogmatizing of the Church was not a gratuitous binding of new burdens upon the minds of

Christians, but only a necessary building up of new defences (that luckless image!) against new attacks of the heretics, they are describing this vital action of the Church, but by a metaphor which I must deprecate as invidious towards some of the heretics and to my mind derogatory to the Church. Defences! The Faith does not defend, she takes the field and conquers. *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*. Yes, *prodeunt*: they do not wave behind battlement and fosse for a foe to take if he can; they go out after him, and take him. But I will not get warm with my brethren over an ill-chosen metaphor: unless indeed they let their strategy match their word.

And I am getting a little away from my purpose. I am asking if old theology is likely to gain a new word for itself from this modern psychic science?

I begin to think so, whatever be the truth about these later developments of it, these 'writings' of that dear and revered woman, our Sibyl of Carleford. Whichever way we may come to interpret these sibylline leaves on which her enchanted pencillings leave the "scripts" which she has at times let me see; whether they prove as she believes to be messages from the ghostly world, where are her husband and her son, or, as a scientist friend warns her, only thoughts

from her own mind which have crept darkling out of some postern of consciousness and now knock at the front gate for admission disguised as strange visitors ; in either case there is in the fact something which will enrich our theology, perhaps much transform it. For suppose my platitude in the talk with John should prove the whole truth of it, and these psychic phenomena become presently as commonplace as the X-rays or Marconigrams, even so they will compel us to some retranslation of the language in which our Doctors expound certain prime articles of the faith. I foresee that will be so in the case of the Resurrection doctrine : both the attack and defence in the controversy over the story will be put out of date. The confident historical scientists who are sure there was nothing substantial before men's eyes when “ Jesus showed himself alive,” and the earnest good apologists, *defensores isti*, who are quite as sure that what was offered to sight and touch in the Upper Room was that same mortal substance which Joseph laid in grave, these will alike have to go to school again, and learn before they teach. For if telepathic vibrations are pulses (as some will still have it) of a physical ether, that traverse continents and oceans to reach one brain of mortal from another, then this flesh of man is more fearfully and wonder-

fully made than any physicist has imagined it, and "creation widens on man's view" till all things are possible not for belief only but for science.

And if—(yet, I will not trust myself to the hope till I have proved it as a Thomas would)—but if we shall ever trace the message back from the mortal brain that receives it to an origin beyond the sphere of sense, why then—well, there is in our creed a clause, The Communion of Saints, that for all but all worshippers has been till now a sound without a sense; this clause the new-found law of nature and super-nature will—I know not if translate, but assuredly will transliterate—ah! in letters of fire.

At Evensong it fell to John to read the first lesson. I hoped he was not aware of anyone present, except myself, who knew how the Hebrew romance of the Canticle would wake the notes of another love-poem in the reader's mind—a poem that broke off in tragedy. To me the incident was poignant ("Arise my love, my fair one, and come away") coming after that reminder of her which checked his tongue on our walk. As he came back from the lectern to the stalls I had to look away.

.

This is strange. I had hardly locked the clasp of my diary and put it away when John came in. He often does it at night when the men have gone off, to chat for ten minutes before he goes home to bed. But this time he was absent-minded and yet in a suppressed excitement, and like one who wants to talk but can't begin it. "You are wanting a holiday after Easter," I suggested. He shook his head; then, "You were at Evensong : did anything strike you about the lesson . . . the one I read . . . out of the Canticle?" "Why, John, it made me think what your thought might be as you read it; how could it not?"

We looked in the fire for some moments, then he, "We were talking to-day about the—the Intercourse. I never have read that lesson in Church, since ——. It all broke upon me rather suddenly, and I could hardly get through." A pause. Presently, tightening his hands on the chair arms, "But it's quite true what we were saying to-day. I know it now. They can speak to us; they do." I leaned towards him looking into his eyes with an inquiry. He shook his head. "I can't talk about it, not now. I am going to bed; but I thought I should sleep better if I came and told you this—that now I know it. Good night."

Then with a hand on the door, "She was there. . . . I don't know if she spoke. But I know what she said to me." And he went.

Why not, why not?

I never have seen my Catharine, no. And I too never heard her speak. But I do know what she has said to me.

Then he is young, I am not; and "Your young men shall see visions, your old men shall dream dreams". But dream or vision, does it matter which? Not if by either the word can pass between us, the word.

Vision or dream, this dear son of mine is not far from the Kingdom of Heaven at any time. And between it and the Kingdom of Nature there is no wall, not even one that "becomes as crystal, and we see them through it". Except the wall of this house of flesh we live in. And even that can "become as crystal" for the pure in heart. Aye, whether in the body or out of the body, God knoweth, John has seen what he has seen.

XX.

IT is Maytime ; that is why I had this outburst from John this afternoon. “ In the spring the young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,” sacred love or profane. It is the sacred love, Love the harbinger of Truth as in the wise Greek’s dream, that quickens in John’s youthfulness—now. We walked at the covert’s side up Carleford’s Happy Valley, and first to-day the year’s breath has had the tenderness as well as the brightness of spring-time, swelling Nature’s veins and with them man’s. So in my comrade buds opened and blossoms crept abroad and “sweet counsels” burgeoned in our communications as we walked. I think there was expansion in my own middle-aged veins, and thought ran in a warmer, fuller current. Why, of course ; love does make to love again ; that “holds in youth,” but it holds in every age. *Do ut des*, the statesman’s coarse maxim, is also law of the Spirit ; we can give our best of the mind’s riches to him who opens his treasure-house to us.

THIRD
THOUGHTS.

I said to myself as we walked that I would store up here our talk from start on the bridge head to the street corner where we swung apart towards the Chantry and the Library. But I cannot do the feat now as ten years back I still was able.

In early life as in later, impressions flow in and flow past, but they flow off much faster now, and memory cannot as she used make the eddies and backwaters that detain them. Ah! well, the words come and go, the winged words; but the act of soul with soul which the speech did but set free, this, I am mystic enough to think, this abides. Whatever the soul has made itself in that act, whatever power the Self has clothed itself with by the utterance given or received, is a possession henceforward; soul's speech and soul's life, they are the blossom and the fruit. And when my scholar has gone off to a professorship or a preachership, and some excellent among our students keeps the Principal company on the Northington round, why, the May breath of the greening covert and the babble of Summerlea Water—they will be the talk of John and me, whatever weighty matters the other boy is imparting at the moment to my attentive ears.

But I must put something down in the record, if only for a symbol, a charm-word to give my

memory some mastery of the rest. It shall be what he had to say about Second Thoughts in the taking of practical decisions. This was started by a reference I made to ——'s abandonment of his project of work, because "on second thoughts the prospect seemed unhopeful". John remarked that while he must not judge ——'s wisdom, he was always inclined to distrust a conclusion if it was made at that stage. Tennyson was right—

Is it so true that second thoughts are best?

Not first, and third, which are a riper first?

Thereupon he set off talking with a rapidity which is not the least like him on this theme of first and third thoughts. "That line of Tennyson's has been an inspiration to me since days when I began to read the history of philosophy. Sometimes I have fancied it is the very formula of human evolution; those three stages are the law of progress in history, art, philosophy, manners, everything. Just look at some instances?" And he poured them out. There was the evolution of human society: Nature's first thought is to make a whole, the family, with the single member in complete dependence and servitude; her second to stir up the member to self-assertion and rebellion; her third to teach the individual

to find his Self by identifying it with the whole and submitting to a service which is freedom. There was the growth of the individual organism : his mind's growth in the play first of instinct, then of reasonings which disintegrate instincts, last of reason become through exercise a second and richer, reconsolidated instinct : his body's growth, from the shapely child through the pulled out, gawky stripling, into the well-proportioned man : his manner's growth, out of childish grace of simplicity, past the blushing and stumblings of the hobbledehoy, into the frankness of the master of intercourse. There was the circular march of civilization, reared in the garden of Eden (or more actually in the wild-garden of barbarism), spoiled by the City of stone and smoke, recovering itself (as one hopes) in the City of garden and the breeze. Correspondingly human virtue comes through the stages of an Innocence and a Fall to the Third Thought of an intelligent and self-determined integrity. Had not our British politics followed a like track, from the old-time insular patriotism of Britain, through the "cut the painter" policy of our precious Manchester school, round to the Greater Britain patriotism of to-day ? Does not Art tell the same tale of herself : begins in play, progresses through rule and drill, and ends as art which

conceals art. The child at her gambols dances like a leaf because of a music in her limbs ; then she learns her steps in the schoolroom with pain and haltings ; and again she dances as light as the leaf, but in figures instead of at random. The art of war had the like history : it began with a “go as you please” of battle by single combats of Homeric spears or Highland claymores ; then came the mechanism of battle, the legion, phalanx, square, with the individual fighter become a cog in the machine ; and now the machine counts more than ever for victory, but only if the cogs of it—those specks of khaki sprinkled at seven yards’ intervals over the plain—have been again individualized into minds that can think and dare and take cover or make rush each for himself. As to philosophy he thought it quite needless to pick illustrations : it was just one illustration throughout : it had gone marching in a circle, like a lost traveller on a down at night, though it came round a little wiser perhaps each time. But he really must instance one stray example that had struck him among several others that you can find in the physical speculations of the early Greeks. It was a theory of the Origin of Life. When he had read how “Anaxagoras dogmatized that animals were made through seeds fallen from

the sky," he had noted with delight that Sir William Thompson had swung us round from the search after a genesis of life on our planet to the rude old opinion of the Greek ; life must have begun from seeds conveyed to earth on meteorites, " moss-grown fragments of an older world," but anyway dropped on us out of heaven. This seemed to warm John's fantasy, for he sailed off here into a most air-walking fable. He declared he saw his Three Thoughts law exhibited in the newest of arts, aeronautics. For who was the first airman if not Icarus? He flew with wings. Then came the Second Thought, the lubberly balloon. At last we had got again the sky-sailor with real wings, the aviator, a riper and on the whole a luckier Icarus.

We had our laugh at this last sally, and then he said, " Seriously, this notion of course is only a way of figuring for one's own use the oldest of old facts of thinking ; but I find it more useful to myself than ' the return of the subject into itself,' which would have been my philosophy tutor's demolition of my callow theory if I had ever broached it to him. After pupillage I dropped it, but now I have taken it up again in hope that my theory's own career will prove an instance to confirm its own truth. It will do

that, if it will hold water now when I try to make it a vessel to carry for me my understandings nowadays of life and of the faith. I think it will, I begin to think it will."

I wished him good speed in his theorizing, and said that if his hypothesis proved valid as interpreter of life one might count on its being illuminative of faith too.

"Yes, that is my hope," he said, rather under his breath. After a pause, "Ought one to be afraid to expect that what I am feeling after is *the* truth of religion, that my sequence of Second and Third is a guess at the way of salvation. Here is what I should not care to say in any company but yours, Principal; if my notion is anything at all, I must think it may be as much as a new analysis, of course for my own use only, of the central truths, the Incarnation and even the Trinity."

He looked at me here, and I presently answered that he need not say "*even* the Trinity": we were already accustomed to the idea that this truth had its correspondent in some scheme of logical or metaphysical abstractions. To quote his author back to him, "Know ye not then the riddling of the Bards?" that is, of the poets gone mad and become metaphysicians, who riddle to us about their tri-unity of "The Subject, the

Object, and the Relation between them". "But, you know," I continued, "the patronizing way of the philosophers who tell us in their genial vein that our Trinity of Persons is a bit of naïve anthropomorphism which will do nicely for us, not for men who can think in abstractions, is to me a priggish shallowness. Their fleshless atomies of logical schematisms are miles farther off Reality than our anthropomorphisms of Person, which are things of human flesh and blood, and are ideas that can have some effect on actions. I'm not meaning that your idea has not this: I think it has. All the same, John," I ended with some emphasis, "not *every one* will hear you gladly on this matter; you are right in picking your company for such talk."

.

Yes, I suppose this is one of the abstinences and mortifications which must be practised by the believer who does his believing with his mind, with all his mind rather. If he has found an expression of his own religious experience in language adequate to the rest of his conception of Reality, but language of which his brother Christian is incompetent, he must have it unto himself, not utter it to his fellow. That "weak brother" will be offended at what to him will feel like the touch of an unholy rationalism—that weak brother

“for whom Christ died”. So he and we cannot have communion in this kind : let us break no bread of logic with him while the world standeth, lest we make this brother to offend.

And yet—and yet—is this the whole word about it? If the deeper language our own mind has won is the mouth’s confession of the heart’s deeper belief, how can we keep it back? Our light must shine, our faith must out, we must not hide ourselves from our own flesh, hide the best self of us, the life unto Christ that is in us. The love of Christ constraineth us and also the love of man. These two have been the constraint that worked on some who have published their new thoughts abroad to the sorrow and anger of their own communion. Their thoughts were raw, no doubt ; their behaviour hasty, yes ; their temper—why, being young and also human, you may say there was conceit in it, at any rate a self-estimate which was generous. But still there was also this love constraining them : this was it that was hot in their heart and burned an opening in it, like money in a child’s pocket, burning to become current. The pity of it! The pity that the Church so little knows how to turn the heart of fathers to children, of children to fathers, youth’s power to eld’s knowledge, lest her dullness smite her with a curse of barrenness. How long, how

long shall we go on stoning the fresh prophets, before they have been tried to learn whether "thus saith the Lord" or no, and then teaching our flock their prophecy the day after they are silenced? Is it so that there cannot be found among us wise men enough to form a court of jurisprudents before whom to bring a new doctrine and take the Church's mind upon it from those who know that mind, having one of their own to know it with? Must the judgment on the truth or falsehood of a new thought about God and man be delivered only by the reformer's own diocesan, whether he has time for it or no, and whether his Divine grace of leadership is for our thinkings also or only for our doings? Or if that unjust burden *must* be laid on those overtaken shoulders, then, in the name of Faith and Reason too, let us lay it *there* and keep it there. Let a Doctor of sacred lore, if he be mere Doctor of Divinity, be the judge of truth or error in doctrine, not some monastic pedant or frontless dogmatist of correspondence columns or a churchwarden with an M.A. and a purse, or the startled cackling of pious hen-roosts, thinking itself the voice of Holy Church. Yes, of course, all these good people have a right to be heard; they have their vote in the *assensus populi* which confirms the *promulgatio concilii*: none more zealous for

that right of theirs than I. But let them keep to their "assenting," let the learned and not they "promulge". I love not the uncouth mob of schoolless monks turned bullies, thronging the Council Chamber and squeezing a Father of the Church to the extinction not of life, as poor Eusebius at Ephesus, but of breath to utter his sentence concerning the faith.

There, I have been a little hot over this. But this is just the use of a locked diary ; a heat-explosion there relieves the system, and shatters nothing but the heat.

Perhaps I should have felt less warmly if it were not for thinking how the prophet next for the stones might be——. What I should feel then I will not write, not even in a locked diary.

XXI.

BACK IN
ELFTON.

It has been most sweet this week-end spent at Appleton for Newton's parish festival, though the best of it for me was not there but a league away beside the Elverill ; that hour I stole from my host's company for a commune with the wave and woodland dear to me beyond all else that is spun out of nature's fabrics. An hour alone by the Elverill, in the little river's company and—Hers. Yes, hers, not her memory's. Do they tell me that "Haunting" is but our flesh-bound fancy ; that human hearts may be haunted ground, but not this crescent of meadow-lawn where she and I paced and talked one Whitsuntide—where now from a furlong off the white cross on the Church knoll beckons to the one of us? Aye, God is Spirit : neither on yonder hillock nor yet in our Abbey is the Father of spirits met by His worshippers ; and the spirits He has made, these too, they will say, are free of space and to be met in no place because in

every place. Tell me not. God who gave her that tenement of mortal clay, of the dust of the ground, He gave her too this wider lodging, the field and flood and grove of her dwelling-place, to be her soul's encompassment, her embodiment's outer skirt. Into this web of earth's tissues He interwove the living consciousness that was Catharine for that while. Her relations to these inanimate things were a part of the reality which bore her name ; her thoughts of them, her tender regards towards these mute and blind familiars, these silently responsive friends, were among the fibres of her being, threads in that gracious personality, sympathies which woven once are unravelled by no mortal fate. Why then, if it be so that "our loves endure," that the passage across the viewless line severs not the life-bonds, nor dumbs and blinds the communion of saints, nor sunders the intercourse of mutual wills : if it be so that the Presences absolved of earth can walk with those still engaged in earth, mingling and ministering in their concerns, and rendering ghostly counsel and advice ; how shall not also this be so, that the loved ghost haunts more often and more glad the places it haunted in the days of the flesh, and we that tarry there meet with our own most surely, before shrines where we bowed

together or by falling waters that repeat our talk.

They will tell me these senseless objects have no realness in themselves, that only persons are real things and endure, and so the departing can have fellowship only with the person of their lovers. Yes, but then these things without life, the field and floor we tread and once trod with them, have become part also of the personalities of us their lovers; and so those Others can touch us through that which is part of them and part of us. By this they lay a finger upon us unaware of their approach: they "shake this garment of our flesh"; we feel, we turn to look; we see not, yet behold it is they themselves.

No, tell me not that houses have no haunters, and sod and stream no visitants. I have not so learned life. John has the very truth of it, "First thoughts, or third, which are a riper first". Our forefathers who when they carried forth the dead charmed the threshold against their return, were half-right in their raw, sad first thought. Our fathers who exorcised the ghosts with their new science, were in their second thought wholly wrong. We are the nearest to the right, who hold that they that are with Christ still imitate the Master, taking sweet counsel together with

their own beneath the roof where they supped and beside the waters where they wrought.

How the Dear Shade has beguiled me from my purpose, which was far other and how little sweet. What I meant to write down was Newton's talk this morning before I left. He was confiding to me, what it needed no confidence to possess me of, ex-country parson as I am, his despair of making rustic labourers into good communicants. He cannot, he said, draw these sheep to the altar by hook or by crook of our Anglican shepherd-craft. The two or three who would come at the great seasons were oldsters belonging to the generation before the "Secession," meaning the epoch at which the field-hand made good his independence of the farmer and shook off his neck the yoke of his servitude *quoad sacra*, that march to church in the train of his paymaster. "You told me all this," he admitted, "and I suppose I didn't believe you. But it makes me perfectly wretched to find you were quite right. What is the good of my being a priest, if I cannot teach my flock, the half of it, to do the one duty which Christ certainly prescribed by word of mouth for the practice of Churchmen; what sort of a pastorate is it when the instrument said to be 'generally necessary to salva-

tion' is the instrument which cannot be used, because the flock won't let us come near them with it? Tell me, what more can I do?"

I put by the question, asking him another: how did he find his non-communicant rustics in matters of conduct? As to the beer, he said, labourers seemed to him much improved since what he could remember in his boyhood. This had rather surprised him. But the other thing—there he had had a painful revelation. He told me a woful history or two, and then I came in with, "Do you know, I think you are finding me an answer to your question, What to do for the labourers who will not come to the Lord's Table? While we are learning how to help his worship, there is enough for us priests to do in helping himself. The priest is there in the village to bring the man to the church and the altar, but he is there also to bring him to a clean life, whether by worship or by other means. Sometimes I have feared, when we wring our hands over his obstinate refusal of communion, that we are mistaking a way of salvation for salvation's self. Magee shocked some of us parsons long ago by saying he would rather see England free than sober: the paradox did us good however; we rubbed our eyes and saw facts straighter. And how it would do us good if some one would

shock us again, and tell us this time that he would rather see England pure than devout. If he meant that it was better to make English labourers into good men than into good churchgoers, supposing the choice lay between them, which of course it does not, his rude aphorism might be a beneficent stimulus. For if we are despairing of turning out regular communicants, we cannot for very shame despair of turning out decent-living working men. The new scope would strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees of the downcast plodder in the hedge-row cure of souls. His ministries have failed at the altar side, but they have not failed yet beside the hearth. His flock have been deaf to all he has had to say about the holiest mystery, which for the priest's self has been the very touch of Reality: will they be so 'dunt' when his speech shall be about a mystery, also holy, though homely of the home—the love of man and maid, its sanctity and might; the faith of man and wife, its beauty, blessedness, and peace; when he shall set before them life and good, death and evil, in language of most human fact, level to every hearer if he be but human, and shall bid them choose therefore life, that they and their seed may live?"

Something like this was my deliverance on his

problems, and he took very patiently, I felt, what our priests of some schools would meet with some instinctive repugnance, the implication that the service of the altar is not the *whole* duty of the priest. "The Priest to the Altar." Yes, a thousand times yes. Yet he serves that altar not lastly for itself, but that the flame upon it which his care makes burn may kindle a flame on the altar of his own heart and of the hearts of those whom he represents as their priest. For their sakes he sanctifies himself for the sacrifice he offers there on behalf of men who do not even stand to watch it burn. For their sakes ; and will it not avail for them ? O brothers, ministers of the Mystery, every devoted priest of you, that flame you light upon the mystic hearth, what is it but the life unto God in Christ ? life for which sacrifice is other name ; a life that lives in the man, the sacrificer. In you, in yourself the life is lit ; then in you, in your living self can you bear the live coal from off the all-sacred hearth to your brother afar off, and touch him with it into life. Bring him, if you may, to the altar side ; but, ere that may be, carry hence in the vessel of your human self that virtue of the altar fire to him.

Something of this I said to Newton, so far as

I could father it upon better authority than his old Principal's, and such as so devout a constitutionalist in religion would find most enforcing, a bishop's to wit and an archbishop's. From one I cited a warning against the disproportioning zeal which sees the Eucharist fact with so strict and narrow an intuition that it sees nothing else at all ; from the other I culled a precept to his clergy that " what the Church stands for, fights for, prays for, toils for, is an elementarily straight, strong, pure moral life to be lived by us all in the things of every day . . . the bettering of the ordinary moral standard of life in the homes and shops and factories and fields ".

That " elementarily straight, strong " word of this wise Father in God, how I blessed it when I read !

Dear brothers mine of the peasantry, what else is salvation for your soul if it be not this, to live Christianwise the life of man who eats bread by the sweat of his brow ? We will not rest, we priests of the altar, we will not suffer our will to sleep nor our conscience to slumber, neither the thoughts of our head to take any rest, till we can lead you to the Table of the Bread that perishes not, that you too may fare with us as we. Will you not come, will you not ? . . . Then no less will we come to you, from that Table's side, we

celebrants, bringing with us reserved in the veiled vessel of a human heart the crumbs from the children's table, morsels of the Bread Consecrate ; and with us shall go a Real Presence to be among you, behind the plough and beside the wain and at even by the hearth of the little ones.

PART III.

XXII.

I DEVOUTLY hope I am no prophet ; but “ by the pricking of my thumbs ” which turn the leaves of John’s new booklet, something of mischief this way comes. A LITTLE BOOK.

My mind misgave me when he told me that Rothbury had pressed him to contribute this brochure to a series their firm is publishing, “ The New-Old Library ”. I demurred, advised him to let his thoughts ripen longer, to wait in fact till his “ third thoughts ” should arrive. But the dear fellow, how could he resist the appeal of this man who had come so near to him in a trouble of faith, and then had been doubly endeared by the stupid hostilities of the good orthodox, or the fairly good orthodox, of Driborough ? Such an appeal too ! It came as the cry of young lay manhood asking for a voice to speak to them out of the Church’s inner circle, and tell them how a thinking man can hold the ancient Church doctrine with a clear intellectual conscience. John’s was the one voice, Rothbury

told him: he knew of no other that would, like his, wake echoes in the mind of our modern questioners of the Christian tradition, within the Church or outside it. If there were another, it would not have the courage, or, even if that, the freedom from official reticence. That was too much for chivalrous John Desmond. It overbore my cautions, and so here we get to-day in the "New-Old Library" (Rothbury) this tractate on "the Church".

What will Bors be thinking just now, if he is reading where I am?

"If we have been at all right so far in our train of thought, the step we have next to take is a long one, or will seem so to many of us. We have seen this: Faith, when we mean the faith which saves, is the spiritual fact which some of us have been wont to call 'the religious experience,' and have been content to leave under that name with no further analysis of its nature. It has been attempted in this brief study to analyse more deeply this 'experience,' and there has come to us this, that experience is not an incommunicable intuition of eternal fact, but a measurable and in some degree even describable condition of the believer's whole being. When a contact is effected between a man's personal being and those facts of an eternal order to which

the articles of the Creed have given a name, either the man's mind, heart, and will, we say, are vitalized or are left unvitalized. This vitality, which the man receives or misses upon that contact with reality which is the act of believing a truth, is a thing which can be verified. It is an imponderable thing, no doubt, and cannot be reduced to a mathematical formula. But even in the bodily frame of man vitality is not ponderable, cannot be reduced to figures and reasoned about with the Four Rules ; and yet a doctor can tell quite certainly whether vitality is full or is lacking, while the patient can still better know how the case is with himself. It will be said that the doctor at least can count a pulse and give figures of temperature. Yes, but we too, if we cannot give actual figures of a believer's warmth of feeling or the rhythm of his will's movement, yet have means of registering the inward forces of soul. For they are translated into palpable shapes of the man's own conduct and its stimulus upon that of other men."

.
Well here I am with you, John. Perhaps I might rather say you are with me : at least I have some property in this much of your work.

But it is a page farther on that the trouble

begins. It is here, where he "takes the step," that he will take Bors' breath away.

"If then the faith which saves is the vitality in the soul, how can we be content to estimate a man's spiritual condition by his acceptance of articles of a Creed, since that acceptance can be no guarantee of a soundness in his total health? We cannot: it is generally admitted. But then if, not this subscription to written formulas, but a certain attitude of the entire man towards spiritual reality is what constitutes the faith that makes him member of the Body of Christ, can the case be different for him as a member of an ecclesiastical body, of a Church? The degree in which he is in true communion with his Church is not ascertained by the degree in which he conforms to those articles of the Creed by which that Church has formulated her own experience of life in Christ: however genuine be his mental conformity to those articles, it is no measure of his communion. He has in common the Creed of his Church, has he also the Church's *experience* in common? that is the question to be asked of him. But now who can give the answer to this? Not the Church with any confidence, except in extreme cases. The 'notorious evil liver' she may excommunicate without misgiving, and she can welcome the man whose holiness

goes before him unto judgment; the one is plainly dead to spiritual things, the other plainly alive. But the average Christian, who halts between sin and saintship—who but himself can know if he is alive with the life his Church has? We must needs take him at his own valuation, till it is proved or disproved on trial: till then to his own Master he stands or falls.”

At this our Bors will shake his grey saintly head and mutter, “My dear young friend, has the Church of Christ had the life kept in her for sixteen centuries by the Creed which seemed good to the council of the united Church and the Holy Ghost in the midst of it, to learn that John Desmond’s generation has no use for a Creed? I cannot understand how at the College they have failed to keep him straighter.”

But wait a bit. Here he is “stepping” it indeed.

“Is there sound reason then for excluding from communion with us a member of another Church who asks to receive with us? Granting our previous reasoning valid, the right to communion is the fact of communion; *de facto* is *de jure* here. The applicant, let us suppose, will not rehearse our Creed, and does not recognize the authority of our Church rule; but is he or is he not in communion with us who minister and

partake? Does he at the altar rail render the act of will by which he offers a sacrifice of himself, body, soul and spirit, to the Christ who there is Present for ourselves; and is that sacrifice of his met and fulfilled by a self-giving to him of the Christ? If this does happen, then the Christ has judged him worthy to communicate, and who are we to supersede that judgment? But it is the man himself, and only he, who can know whether his communicating is real; the ministering priest cannot, nor can his fellows at the rail. Surely the responsibility must be the man's; on him not on us, who cannot judge, must rest the guilt and consequence of an unworthy partaking.

"I do not see at present how we can answer in any other sense the Nonconformist of good life who comes with understanding and clear conscience to eat and drink with us. But can we stop at that definition of the variance in religion, at mere Nonconformity? It is necessary to see the whole of the consequences to which we are committing ourself, and this writer must raise the question for those in the Church who are wiser than he to answer—why, if the basis of communion be what we seem compelled to think it, we should repel a good-living and religious-hearted man even if he refuses to recite

the specifically Christian clauses of the Creed, those which affirm the Incarnation and the Trinity. Such a one may hold the doctrine of the Three in One to be an uncertain or at least not a final interpretation of the soul's experience of Reality, and may think that we conceive of the relation of Jesus to the Almighty under an anthropomorphic figure, which satisfied earlier men but is not adequate to the maturer Christian intelligence ; yet at the same time his soul may be in closer and in truer converse than ours with true Being, which he and we name God ; he may be surrendering his personal will to the eternal will with a wholeness perfecter than ours. That Unitarian differs surely from the Christian only within the range of the metaphysical apprehension of Reality. The difference within that limit is wide ; but if a man's metaphysic does not determine his faith, while the general vitality of his spiritual being does determine it, how, one must ask, shall we be able to justify to a saintly Unitarian, who thinks of faith as we have been thinking, and declares his belief that his communicating is a genuine and heartfelt endeavour at communion with God—how shall we justify to the reason and heart of this man a repulse of him from our feast of love ? How ? Surely the Church owes her children an answer to the question."

How glad I am now that Bors in his generosity gave up St. Wilfrid's to the Bishop, and so is not John's vicar.

But O! John, John. It will not be Bors this time shaking his good grey head. It will be Sir Ebenezer Slagg, our millionaire who has forsaken armour plate for orthodoxy, shaking the mahogany in the library of Blastonbury Castle with a ponderous but well-cushioned fist, and rehearsing already the thunders that shall roll next week along the columns of the "Vigilance".

Is this passage which follows likely to avert the "slings and arrows of outrageous" Blastonbury?

"The writer cannot be unaware that if his question should be answered in the affirmative, there is involved a severe shifting of the centre of gravity in religious thought and practice. We have been making Creed the basis of communion between believers: that basis now would be found in Sacraments; *Lex Orandi* would take the place of *Lex Credendi*; Worship of Belief. But has not this transference been long indicated as a necessity? We are being told no doubt by the large-minded of our leaders speaking from positions of responsibility that a Churchman's mind may and must range as wide as does the

secular reason, and count all science and philosophy a province to be occupied by the Faith: but that still this range is to be round a fixed nucleus of given truth, the Creeds of the early centuries. All else of religious thought is subject to innovation as knowledge ripens: this credal matter is not so subject. Can we count on this permanence? If so, on what grounds? Why should the apprehension of Divine reality attained after the first three or four hundred years be the limit beyond which apprehension may not travel? But as a fact we do not count on that permanence. We have changed the meaning, without changing the words, of the clauses which assert the Descent and the Ascension of Christ: we teach our children that the words are a figurative expression of facts which we ourselves express to them under other figures which we feel to be liker to the reality, and which we would gratefully have received from the past. The Creed then is not as a whole a perfect and final thing: there are these seeds of decay in it: even in this body of truth there are signs, faint but recognizable, of a 'body of death'. These human words are words of *eternal* life, but not the words are eternal. In what then shall we trust? In that which is behind Creed and out of which come *all* the Creeds—the experience of a

communion of the soul with God, of a Life that kindles in the soul when it essays converse with the Christ. It is he who is the Word of Life, He and not any mere credal word. That converse with Him is had, as nowhere else, in the act of communion which has for its sensible embodiment a ritual ordained by Christ Himself. The word, the elementally human word, which the Bread and Wine, repeating that word as it were from Christ's own lips, speak to us, has a permanence which is not indeed eternal but is like to endure through time, at least while the earth with her fruits remaineth, and seed time and harvest do not fail."

No, that will not disarm Slagg of his artillery. Quite the contrary ; it offers a wider target. The enemy has now written a book, not only to exalt the Sacraments, but actually to degrade the Creed. Have at him for a pestilent heretic who takes the Church's pay to corrupt her children's faith !

But our Foremost Layman, Fitz-Eustace, so well read in conciliar history, how will he take it ? The praise of Sacrament linked with derogation of Creed will somewhat divide him. I see his paper-knife pause at this page and poise itself with something of the airs of a sceptre, as he

frames the lay Churchman's well-balanced opinion, which he will contribute to the Bishop's counsels over his unfortunate young chaplain's book?

And my late colleague, Sensier. Though he is not in sympathy with John, he has never been rude. But I fear he will feel that it would be right to be so, now, if he quite knew how to do it.

These people matter, but not as John's Bishop does. He will have a bad time, if Slagg should rouse the hunt. I wish I had not to blame John for bringing on this trouble, and forcing his Chief to separate the parts of the friend and the diocesan : really a cruel situation for the Bishop and the clerk alike.

Yet where does a charge of heresy lie? On the face of what he has written about the Eucharist there is no false doctrine, for there is no doctrine as yet ; nothing taught, but only a *question* about the Church teaching addressed to the Doctors. Does the Church not owe her children an answer to the question he here asks? Surely yes, if the question is asked in good faith, which who doubts in John's case? His attitude is what diplomatists call "correct" ; he raises a point of law and asks authority to pronounce on it.

Alas, but there is the passage on the Creeds.

To make good his thought on Sacrament he has denied the finality of Creed. He does not consult the Doctors here even in form.

To have used the form of question in his treatment of the Communion will not help him. They will say (and with too much truth) that he ought to have asked his question in private, not printed his doubts for the man in the street to read and then use to bait the bishops with. Dear John, was it not rather headlong to put this out without first consulting some of us as to the effect on the unlearned, or rather on the half-learned, which is where the danger is? Besides your question-mark will not help you. Sensier will take it to be only a literary device, a rhetorical not a real question. Slagg, more simple soul, will say it is a dishonest artifice of our modern assailants of faith, afraid to say a thing to your face. Slagg, as Verley once remarked, is quite 'gone on' honesty in religion : thinks you can test doctrine as you do steel plates ; with a hammer, I suppose. *O malleus dubitantium !* Hammer of unorthodoxy, bludgeoner of the weak in faith, breaker of bruised reeds and stamper on smoking flax, blunder-head in the session of wise heads, bull among the porcelain wares of the philosophers, behemoth wallowing in the wells of truth—why cannot I find the word I need for the un-

gainly gambollings of this vasty and inapposite creature, muddying the shallows of theology?

Mark, are you forgetting charity? Perhaps, if this were not my diary, my private diary; for the law of charity is like the law against libel, the greater the truth the greater the uncharity—if you publish it; and the truth of what I have here set down is very, very great.

But our First Layman, I hope his paper knife will persevere and show him this, two paragraphs on. “One cannot offer this guess at a basis of intercommunion between the severed members of the one Body, without foreseeing the severe reception it will meet with from just those within each circle of fellowship whose fellowship in faith should most be coveted by others in another bond. Their loyal jealousy for the Creed delivered to their own church will edge a censure that a ‘common Christianity is no Christianity,’ that a faith which can be held by all communities is a faith that can save none, is a mutilated, disbranched, naked trunk incapable of blossom or fruit. With such we will plead that, since our metaphors are often the snare of thought, they should for safety reshape their reasoning by a change of figure.” Yes, *I* might have written that. This, too, that follows—the sense of it at least, not the words.

“ Have they conceived of the Christian faith as a trunk and branches of a tree ? Let them ask if it is not better conceived as the current of life which climbs the trunk and thrids the network of branch and bough, building them as it goes and weaving their tissue into sap and bark and tendril and leaf, into blossom, kernel, rind, and fruit. The life that pushes in a river of sap up the central trunk is one thing with the rivulet which steals along a branch, and the drops which trickle into foliage and bud. So is this which you call ‘ common Christianity ’ and fear that it is no Christianity. Let me call it, as with humble confidence I do, the stream of life which flows in the veins of the Blessed Vine of God, and through all transforming growth, in stem and branch and cluster and grape, is one same changeless Blood Divine which is the life of Man.”

Yes, I hope Fitz-Eustace will read that too. For he will be equal to it, will see what John is meaning, he. The rest of them ? Why and O why has this happened ? Why did he not wait for his Third Thought ? Why should my young prophet spoil his own hand at the outset of a career by his premature challenge of the Old by the New ? In a week we shall have the tocsin rung, and they that are at ease in Zion will stumble to their feet, clutch the club, and run out

to batter down my young gallant before they know what he has come about. I would have called it conceit and wantonness in another. It is chivalry in him, but chivalry of a rather young knight much more gallant than he is wise.

Welcome the Unitarian to the communion of the Churchman! Admit that he may deny the Incarnation and be equal Christian to the believer! Propose this! and what will Slagg and Company care for amiable phrases about "the life which flows in the veins of the Vine of God"? "Creeds don't matter"—that is what you will be quoted as saying; and what right, they will ask, has a man who says that to call himself a priest of the Church of England?

XXIII.

*AUTOUR
D'UN
PETIT
LIVRE.*

AH ! Scrippon and Smithers, the first sheaf from them of newspaper cuttings under name of Desmond. I open the packet with a tremor. There is a good deal of the primitive sheep in press critics, and a book's future may turn on how leaders jump.

But I must begin, and I take the topmost. . . . The omen is fair enough. "This is refreshing, a breath of free air. The new writer has known how to interpret his loyalty to his own church's truths in a sense which leaves him loyal to the truths of the Church Universal."

Very handsome, I am sure. But then this is from "Reconstruction," and where that bell-wether jumps not many follow.

Try Number Two. "There is much that is engaging in the manner of the little treatise, and still more that is subtle in the thought. The grace and modesty of the former will perhaps conceal from uncritical readers a real provocativeness in the latter. We shall see."

Yes, we shall, very soon, from the look of Number Three. An aroma exhales from the green docket. It is vinegar. . . . "It really seems time that authorities in the Church should remember they are there to authorize—or refuse authorization. This writer is, we ascertain from Crockford, a clergyman of only six years' standing, but that time has been long enough to confer on him insight into the essence of Christianity, by which he discovers that Creeds are a surplusage in the equipment of a church, and that the barriers of differing communions should be constructed of cobweb. Whether it is his simplicity or his art that these outrageous suggestions are conveyed in a style so unoffensive verbally, we do not know, and it does not matter. For it does not affect the question which arises (perhaps we must say *ought* to arise) for his superiors in the Church. Loyal Churchpeople have for a long time past waited with some patience for a pronouncement from quarters of authority on the escapades of the school of writers to which our author belongs. To unofficial observers these kind young instructors of their decrepit Mother Church appear to be tearing to tatters the already much plucked—at credal vesture of reformed Christianity. Churchpeople will now wait, with a diminishing patience, to

learn whether there is or is not a limit to the patience of the Overseers of the flock with the performances of their underlings."

"Tearing to tatters . . . the credal vesture of reformed Christianity." Slagg, the flamboyant Slagg, his manner, of and belonging to him. "The patience of the Overseers." Slagg again, the Hammer of Unorthodoxy. No, the *Malleus hæreticorum*; *Malleus*. Not the hammer. The mallet rather, weighty and of wood.

But now here is something more really formidable than Slagg's drum-stick on the Vigilance drum.

"This volume gives one sadly to think about the meaning and value of the priestly vow. Our new theologies may minimize the part in Faith of dogmatics : but a part they have and one that cannot be dispensed with. The priest devotes his heart, but also his mind : he does profess to believe the truth held by his Church. And one must ask whether the ingenious speculativeness which shimmers along these elusive pages is the sincere expression of an idiosyncrasy genuinely believing, though bemused by a literary mode, or is the well-studied strategy of a mind which consciously abandons the positions of the Faith, but masks that manœuvre from foes in front and allies at his side. In the name of a priest's

integrity, but also in the name of mere intellectual honesty, we must ask in which way we are to take these self-revelations of a junior functionary in Carleford Abbey."

Hem! "Priest's integrity . . . intellectual honesty." Who writes this? I ask. *Agnosco stilum ecclesiæ Romanæ*, said cheery Paolo Sarpi, as they dressed his dagger wound. One cannot english the Friar's latin *môt*, but one can recognize the style, and stiletto, of a certain Church Despotic which is encamped in our own, as it is somewhere in every church in every age. [Ha! was this agent ever in our own camp here?] This dagger pricks shrewdly, goes to the quick, the chivalrous quick, of the victim. It will rankle there, that venomed innuendo, "a priest's integrity," and perhaps fever his blood into some generous extreme of self-avowal, untruthful through sheer anxiety for truthfulness. What is my balm for this? Mine—and the Bishop's? For it is his that will be needed most, and he that will find it hardest to administer. O my John, what a tangle have you twisted for your friends!

XXIV.

A SHEP-
HERD'S
PROBLEM.

THE Bishop came across with a troubled face this morning, and put into my hand a letter from Sir Ebenezer. Yes, I thought we should not have long to wait for this. The letter is a humble plea for the relief of "the serious discomfort caused to many Churchpeople of this diocese," some of them (the writer vouches) being "persons competent to form a sound judgment" ("sound" means, I fancy, "practically effective") by a recent publication bearing the name of a clergyman on the cathedral staff. The correspondent would shrink from intervening, if it were not his loyal duty to acquaint his Lordship with a fact unlikely otherwise to come to his knowledge, in time to enable him to deal as he would wish with a too probable scandal in the diocese. . . . He did not presume to judge of the book's theology himself: that would be his Lordship's province. But he could not be blind to the unhappy effect the book was having in certain quarters. He had been made anxious

by the doubt some of his friends in the county expressed as to whether they could with a good conscience continue their support of Church objects, if the Church allows herself to be represented by underlings so little true to their obligations.

When I had read it, "You see," he said, "the threat there; 'Church objects,' 'my friends in the county'; that is, the ironmasters, just when we have got them to see their duty of building churches for the new swarm of their workpeople, will 'down tools,' and if they strike 'our Gospel's' works will be shut down. That fellow at Blastonbury—" he stifled an explosion, "Well, Slagg is Slagg. That length I really must go, and" with a gleam "it is a terrible thing to say of a fellow-Christian, but it has to be said: truth will not spare me this".

We had a moment's laugh.

"Well, yes; but I'm really much afraid of what the man may do. That ponderous fatuity is fogleman to all the wealthy charitable who count for much in diocesan finance. However, that is a practical problem, and I feel more equal to it than to this other, which is a problem of faith not practice. Slagg owns the 'Vigilance' and part too of the 'Mirror'. You see what power he has to make a row, and to hale Desmond's

book before the bar of diocesan opinion, if I try to quash his private plea. So I shall have to be a Court of Heresy. It is a thing I never ought to be, but it is what I have to be. My new brother of Chesterwick (a rising name, cousin, to be respected and observed) has just been saying, in introducing himself to the diocese, that the Bishop is responsible to the Church for 'the formulation and interpretation of doctrine in his diocese, as the incumbent is in his parish'. A saving clause, that last : the Bishop 'interprets' ('formulates' surely can hardly stand : that should be the Church's prerogative), interprets for the see, as the parson interprets for the parish ; the scale is different, not the kind. Well, we represent the Church, I in the large province, he in the petty ; and of course the Church must act through an agent in teaching faith as well as ruling practice. But if the Bishop is judge in the Church's name, where is the court of appeal from him? Can we possibly do without one? Especially when the judge may be no jurisprudent for the trial of disputed doctrine. Mark, what is the court of appeal against decisions of a fallible judge?"

"Then you don't count your Chancellor, and the Dean of Arches, and the Privy Council to be courts of appeal?"

“Why no, not for this case. If I were induced to inhibit, nothing would induce Desmond to appeal ; and if you got him to do it, what would those courts make of any question of heresy which could be framed out of that book ? There is only constructive heresy there, and of a subtle construction. The judge would feel as puzzled as Festus was over Paul. A trial before them would yield no result except a demonstration, rather superfluous, of the ineptitude of our Church’s legal machinery to decide cases of doctrine. We want a court which Churchmen could respect as competent to interpret the Church’s mind.”

I supposed that in theory at any rate judgment could be referred to the provincial synod of bishops.

That was so, he agreed in theory, and he knew quarters where it was wished to translate the theory into practice. The translation, however, was not going to be completed in time for his relief. If it were, could one be sure a board of bishops would be an improvement on the single bishop ? It would protect us from plain ignorance, stupidity, caprice, temper, or partiality in a diocesan ; but—well, councils of war do not fight, and Sanhedrins might have no stomach for the adventure there is in acknowledging a new prophet, if one comes.

Yes, I concurred, let me fall into the hands of a bishop, as bishops are in England, rather than into those of such boards as certain reformed churches enjoy. Look at the late treatment of Liberal theologians on the Continent. Our Wesleyans the other day did better, but it was a council of hundreds, not a board. He ruminated a little. Then—

“ I suppose we have to go pretty deep to find the cause of this trouble of mal-adaptation. A bishop is left with this burden on him because we believe heaven makes his shoulders broad enough and strong enough to carry it. We think a bishop is an apostle by virtue of the consecration ; he is like Peter or Paul. Well, but now Timothy and Titus, earliest of bishops and nearest to Apostles, must have had, by our own argument, all that their successors the bishops of to-day can claim of special inspiration and other grace. Now I ask you, Mark, between ourselves, for one must not raise such tremendous questions *coram populo*, but in the ear of the nearest of the faithful—I ask you do we really suppose that Timothy, or Titus whom we know less well, were infallible interpreters of the Church’s mind ; and, if Apollos had gone back to Ephesus and taught Christ in a mode which Timothy considered wrong, that Timothy was sure to be right and Apollos wrong ?

Or Priscilla, teacher of Apollos, and perhaps of the Church, if she *did* write Hebrews, might not Timothy have inhibited her, mindful of St. Paul's view of woman, and have repressed sounder doctrine than his own? When we try to see the fact of the episcopate not through the books and with the eyes of the learned and theological and ecclesiological, but through human experience and with the eyes of a man who has made some observation of his fellow-men, the Timothies and the Priscillas of his own day, and knows somewhat of how it is with them as to the endowment of the Spirit, well, we believe as firmly as ever in the *charisma* of the bishop—until the ecclesiologist begins to tell us what our belief about the episcopate is. That often gives one's faith a qualm. It is like the tinkle of a cymbal, not an echo from a man's heart."

He looked at me with some distress. I said nothing, only signalled my sympathy.

"It's a comfort to have a man like you near by—at times, to do a little irresponsible thinking with. For I expect, Mark, our adventure here in Christianity has a very anxious concern in this question about Desmond. We stand for reality in Churchmanship, we and our young men, do we not? How about the realness then of our doctrine of the bishop? Do we rest it upon the laborious

inferential proofs pieced together by an historian? Well, I do not myself complain of their scantiness and tenuity : there is some of the same precariousness in the Christian tradition as a whole, and I trust this part of it as I trust the rest, not because we have evidence that would convince a jury (as say the more blatant of us) but because there is evidence that convinces the judge, oneself. People may pare away the history of the Virgin Birth ; what they leave us is enough, because they do not even touch the evidence of the Christ we know incarnate not in humanity but in this man. That is how I hold the historic episcopate. It is rather a bridge of gossamer that our Church historians have constructed between James of Jerusalem and poor Robert of Carleford ; but the threads are fibres of steel because Robert, by the mercy of God the pastor and Bishop of this flock, may know the signs of an apostle (woe is unworthy him!) in head, heart, and hand that go about His Father's business."

I concurred very warmly here, and hoped his doctrine might reach some of our valorous champions of episcopacy ; it would better their discretion.

He smiled, and continued. "Yes, but then that business, what is it? For the gift will be a gift wanted for the work. And no one will say

the work I was chosen for was the 'formulation and interpretation of doctrine'. The Prime Minister did not think so; what he thought was that Robert Barrington had some turn for setting his men their work and perhaps keeping them at it. You'll say the Minister only wrote the letter, and a Higher Will inspired that scripture. So I think. But that is what the scripture meant; that my task in the Church was Order, not Illumination. Then that would be the gift, to set in order the Church's work, not her thought. However little this Bishop is Apostle, Prophet he is not at all."

"Nay, but," I broke in, "there is prophecy in work too; you shan't call yourself ——"

He waved it away. "Anyhow I am not the man who should sit as assayer of this silver of the sanctuary. But that is what men make believe I can be. And now comes this monstrous situation, that, if that Blastonbury person makes fuss enough, I may have to recognize that our chaplain is not teaching according to the doctrine of the Church of England. Of course I shall not have to inhibit him or deprive; he will save me that. It will be like that choirboy of yours at Elfton, Mark, "what was turned out of the choir; he turned hisself out". (We smiled.) But see what it means. Your best scholar from the

Chantry, the rarest mind you have trained to help in the Adventure, the man whom you looked to (confess it) to become the chief "beginner of a time" in churchmanship, the Pastor Futurus of our Movement upon whom your prophecies went before, *tua gloria*, yes, and *decus nostrum*—out goes his lamp before it can shine before men. That's what it will be. The thing is not what it may look to people, just a young thinker in a hurry brought to order by the authorities and very properly set back in his promotion till he grows wiser. No, here has he introduced himself to the church public by butting his head against the stolid pieties and cowardly religious decencies of Carlshire. He will be labelled heretic, and every future word of his will be read as an enemy's word. The best agent we have trained for the Movement has done for himself by a tumble at the start. The world does not give a man another chance, not often; the Church, I expect, even less often. It's a career broken before it was well begun. Isn't this a bit of a tragedy, Mark, for Desmond and us?"

"Yes, for him and for us," I said, "if it comes to his turning himself out of the chaplaincy. For suppose it doesn't stop there; suppose he should turn himself out of the Church . . . to go where? But it is not John's tragedy or ours we ought to

think of ; it is the Church's. Here's a young priest, who is a prophet too, with a message for the age, pronounced a little crudely perhaps, but true or on the way to become true, and this voice is to be silenced and driven out into the wilderness by the bleat and the bray of orthodox ignor-amuses, allowed to pronounce judgment on a new prophet because Mother Church has no court of her own for it."

We looked at one another ruefully. Then he said, "Dear cousin, I see something that is coming out of this. That court of Prophecy has to be found. It is you who have got to find it. Good-bye for now." And he went.

I wonder—yes, I wonder.

XXV.

IMPROVI-
DENCE OF
SOME OR-
THODOX.

YES, I was looking for this, the Chancellor of Shrivelham's sentence. In every thought-process of our Church there is a point in the procession which his figure is expected to occupy ; and I am bound to say his appearances, if they have the regularity of ceremonial, have also some of the impressiveness. He has the figure for a procession, wears his heavy brocaded robes with an antique distinction of which the rest of us have lost the secret, and almost conceals from us how much their stiffness impedes his going.

But the present pronouncement. Ought a man of his eminence to be so unobservant of current religious fact, as to think this paragraph from his pen on the causes of heresy has pertinence in our case? This sketch of the "vanity, self-assertiveness, self-opinionativeness, wilfulness" of the schismatic—well, it could never be quite out of date ; the type is too human to be alien to any age ; but offered as an account of modernism and suggestion of a short way with

modernists, it is inept ; and as a portrait of John, if this writer knew him, would be all but silly. To condemn a theologian's theory on the ground that he is self-opinionated is like reproaching an eminent poet for being vain. Suppose the poet was vain ; where does that spoil his rhythm, diction, and fancy ? Suppose John's opinions come from himself, the question is not where they came from, but where they get to ; do they reach the true mark or miss it ?

However, passing by this irrelevance, let us see if the Chancellor has any new rendering of the old theme this time ? . . . No, he has got no farther than the four centuries. He does not find "Desmond on the Church" in any document of that period ; Desmond then is not primitive and therefore cannot be catholic. *Causa judicata est.* None of the Councils or even of the Fathers have "collected out of the Scriptures" that a believer's communion with Christ is of more value than his Creed. Let then no younger harvester of truth dare to bring this sheaf in his bosom, on pain of learning that he must be silent in our midst, or take his doctrines to some other audience than ours.

The temerity of our Church doctors makes me tremble for the faith. Four little centuries, and the weight and width of the thousand-centuried

church-to-be is to be built on this ! Yes, when the pyramid can stand on its point ! Ah ! they will tell me from Shrivelham that their base is wide and deep enough, for it stands on the cornerstone which is the Christ. Beware of your metaphors. Change them for better ; think of your church as a thing not of stone but of living substance, the body of Christ, and how stands your reasoning now ? The child is father to the man, but not all there is of the man is in that "six years' darling of a pygmy size". The tree, one says, is in the seed, but of course it is not. It is divided, in proportions how unequal, between the tiny seed and that much of the natural world which allows itself to be assimilated by the seed. Does one need interpret the parable ? If the Chancellor can with help of the best introspective instrument detect the branch and blossom and fruit of the tree in the gram-weight of the seed ; nay, if he can see enough in that microcosm to forecast the spread of bough and fashion of the leafage, without waiting for the tree to demonstrate its growth by actually growing into it ; why, then, let him put the theologic microscope to the kernel of the fourth century Creed and tell us if he can there discern the pattern of that vision of God and man, which will be the faith of the Christian believer a century hence,

or a decade. Ah ! but it is there. It is there, but not for his eyes. The Spirit that searcheth all things, even the deep things of God, He can see the tree in the seed, and the fullness of the stature divine in the infant frame of Church which is the body of Christ in early making. For He, the Giver of Life, can see the life He planted, and knows whereto it shall grow. He sees and He can tell us the things to come ; only He. Why, O why, do we not go right back to Him, past that early word of His, the creed of the church's early youth, back to Him, the Breath of Life, to learn what for us to-day is the truth by which man can live ? What fatal blindness is this that possesses so many of our orthodox ! Their exclusive trust in the Four Centuries, their worship of the Primitive—why call it reverence, caution, steadfastness, fidelity to the good thing entrusted ? Is it not rather a foolhardiness, if our obstinacy is at fault ; or if our supineness, then a culpable improvvidence in the business of faith ? What a wasteful trusteeship is this, which leaves a heritage still invested in a failing security, when it should be transferred betimes into safety. Yet no doubt I am wronging my brethren. They are not obstinate nor yet supine in their faith, that is, not more so than we ourselves are in a counter cause. But blind, rather blind, they are,

not discerning the signs of the time. Such good servants and gallant soldiers of the Christ, so earnestly contending ; but just look at them, clinging to positions they were set to hold at the action's beginning and deaf to the recall from an untenable post—nay, not that, but blind to the signal being waved to them to leave their shelter trench and come out into the open and storm the lines in front of them.

It is bad enough that they should fight at the wrong time and place. It isn't the worst, though. If they draw their sights on their friends and pour volleys into our own advanced companies ! But that is what will happen, we shall see.

Really, John, you might have seen it would.

XXVI.

“ I SEE it, I see it now,” said John, when I imparted to him the gist of Slagg’s missive. “ O how I see it ! ”

THE
CREED
IN ONE
ARTICLE.

He gave a woeful look and shook his long arms in a misery. “ It was simply wretched of me to drag St. Wilfrid’s into this and bring scandal on the ‘ Militia ’. But don’t think it was wanton in me. It was just absent-mindedness ; I never thought of it. Absence of mind, that was it. But I know you can’t believe it.”

I well knew that I could. Seeing is believing, and “ I’ve seen me ” (as Gardener says) blunder about the presentation of B—— to Haverdown through forgetting how it affected A——. So to John I replied, “ They tell us we British won the empire in a fit of absent-mindedness. Let’s hope yours is going to conquer some territory for Christendom, and not cost too much. We must think how to cheapen it.”

“ That can’t be by taking any of it back. I mean all I said, though I said it the wrong way

at the wrong time. Why didn't I talk to you about it beforehand? I'm not sure I know why. There are things about which one can't talk, not to anyone, can't confer with flesh and blood at all. Then, spite of absent-mindedness, it did occur to me not to commit you, if trouble rose, through your knowing of my line beforehand. At least this is what I said to myself, though I think the other was the real reason, and this was the excuse."

There was a pause, which I tried to fill, but did not. Then he drew himself together. "Principal, I did forget the Bishop and you, how it would touch you, but I didn't forget our Militia. No, I thought this was my stroke in it. We always said that what we were 'out for' was realness. Verley and I agreed that he should take on the working-man and I was to see whether I could do anything among head-workers. So I looked round for the unrealness where my own little attack might have some chance of getting in. I found it, that I'm sure of, whether I am getting in or not. Principal, how we have been unreal about the Creeds! How we have mistaken words for things! What a wretched convention it is that we to-day recite 'Whosoever will be saved must hold the Catholic faith,' as if we meant by it what the Quicunque

people meant. We don't mean it. We could not mean it, if we stopped to mean anything, if we had the courage to stop and mean something, if we dared to be real in our faith instead of correct."

His colour rose and there was a growing excitement in the voice. My sympathy followed him, though it followed him trembling, for I feared he would say something which even between our two selves were better not spoken. But he sank his voice when he went on again.

"It was at Philip Graves' death-bed that this came home to me. That was a fortnight after the much obituarized Chamberlain, who for the purposes of parish magazines was no doubt a worthy. Graves was an unworthy, in the same meaning: he was never seen in church, and the head verger told me he was an atheist: also there was one ill passage in his life, as I came to learn from himself. But I got to know him in his last months. Principal, this man went down to the house of death justified rather than the other."

Here he stopped as if he wanted me to say something. It came, but was only "That may be, that may well be, John."

He went on, "Before he lost consciousness he signed to me. I put my ear to him. He gasped,

‘I don’t know where I’m going. You don’t: we’ve been friends, and I hope—I hope—.’ There the voice died out. So presently did he.

“Why do I tell you this? Because what came of it to me has mastered me ever since. When you stand at the brink together hand in hand, another soul and yours, and something comes and parts you both asunder and he goes over—after that, you find there is only one article in your Creed, and it swallows up all the rest. . . .”

“What is it?” I asked at length.

“I believe,” he recited slowly, “in the world to come, and my portion therein. . . . When a man is going across the line, what is anything else to him except his own fate, what is happening to him? What is the Father to me then, but that love will meet me there; what is Jesus Christ who redeemed me, but that love casts out fear; what is the Holy Ghost, but that I know I shall live in that world, for that it lives in me now; what is the Three in One, except that *all* this is true and not a part only; what is ‘born of the Virgin Mary’—though He *was*,” with a curious sudden note of pondering, “He *was*—but that all this is truly true; what is ‘the resurrection of the body’ but that it is I myself that will be there; I myself and—and mine?”

There a great throb seemed to silence him.
Did I reason with this heretic? Was I a man
with a heart, or a theologian with a catechism?

I took his hand in my two and pressed it.
There was no more said.

XXVII.

ONE
CREED,
MANY
ARTICLES.

LOOKING back on our talk yesterday, which ended so disconcertedly, really without my saying any of the things which I thought I should have to get out, do I blame myself for a failure?

Of course it was an accident that frustrated me, that burst of emotion in John, which made further talk indecent or indeed impossible. But if that had not occurred, how should I have managed my part? It is the truth that I was simply disconcerted by the new point of view, and my bearings were lost. John was so wrong and so right. For what is truer, what more real, than that theology must speak in terms of human fate or is a science of the unimportant. The problem of the Trinity in Unity, what more or better is it to the Christian as Christian *man* than the Calculus is to my Martha as housekeeper of the Chantry? What good to know the attributes of Father, Son, and Spirit as the Dwellers in Heaven, unless our lot is fallen to us in that Heaven, and our fortunes hang on

Them? There may be dwellers in Mars, and, if so, there are truths about their estate and quality, and there could be heresies if one studied them for oneself: but the heretic's friends would not tremble for his weal nor his foes persecute, unless indeed Martian or earth-man should invent an etheroplane and navigate the void which divides us. Then certainly Martha or her master for her will have to learn what we must do to be saved. Yes, John is right: "Creeds *are* of no consequence" (as some infamously affirm that he says, when it is only they who say it for him) unless the Creeds tell us what we were and are and shall be and what meantime we ought to be, if the "shall be" is to come to pass. So far I go with you, John. But then those clauses of the Creed which you are willing to melt down into one uniform substance of belief, they do tell us these matters. They are the features of the face of God, as God shows it to man. You are content to know of an infinite world and your portion therein: but the Creed is the landscape of that world, its clauses are the landmarks; and without them that infinite would be a dead-flat, homeless steppe, with a desolation, not a welcome, for the soul. John, you quite certainly are wrong here. If I could show you how!

And yet how right you are, how utterly, un-

answerably right in the thing you are really trying to say. Faith that saves is not a confession, it is a communion. Are we not all of us seeing now, though many are not aware of what they see, that all life from insect up to man is only communion with that which makes it live, and the life of saint is communion of that which most is alive with That which most is life-giving? You and I, John, have thought out this together, whichever of us did the more to think it. Walk we by the rule of this, and if in one thing yet we be otherwise minded God shall reveal even this to us. We know what Faith is: we shall know presently what Creed is also.

Ha! Communion. It has slipped my memory that next Tuesday is the meeting of the Deanery for which weeks ago John promised a paper under that title. What will happen about that now? Will he feel the situation intolerable under the present circumstances, and make some excuse to be off the encounter? I hope not, for if I know John and how he would speak of the "holy mysteries," it will do only good that they should hear him deal with them in the intimacy he could use among friends. That is, if the paper was written before the trouble. To see the real Desmond may rid some minds among

us of the phantasmal figure of him which the book has thrown on their orthodox retina. I was never a believer in homœopathy till now : but if John's thinking is "dangerous," it is one of those cases where the cure of the evil is some more of the evil. Yes, John must read the paper. What is more, the Bishop must come. He never does so, but now there's a reason for it.

XXVIII.

THE COM-
MUNION
OF
SAINTS.

THE paper has been read. I went anxious to the meeting of the Deanery, and anxious I came away, but the anxieties were not the same. The first was anxiety with a heart of pain in it, the other with a heart of peace.

He opened well by a spoken apology for reading such a paper at all ; he hoped we should not think him presumptuous in trying to treat a matter, the Holy Communion, where theory was only a little more than nothing, and experience little less than everything : and what was the experience of a five years' priesthood worth ? However, as we could not help theorizing too, the safest way was to bring one's own raw notions under the correction of riper judgments. Would we take his paper this way ?

This was received favourably, I thought. The tone was so sincere that our weak brothers could not suspect irony, which certainly is intolerable, at least outside of a book.

The paper started with a recollection of his

early attempts to teach Eucharistic doctrine to confirmation candidates. He found he had to begin where perhaps others would end, with the sacramental teaching of John VI. He used to tell the class that the discourse in Galilee came before the Supper, and the Institution could only be understood when seen in the light of that doctrine. "For my own understanding I go back behind the sixth chapter to the first, to John's 'In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God'. But what I mean will be made plainer if I go no farther back in the world's history than the beginning of Man in Genesis. If the Eucharist is the Bread of Life we shall understand the Institution better if we can see it against its right background, the creation of Man the living soul."

How, he continued, do we conceive the creation of man? He remembered his childish comment when some one showed him Michelangelo's picture in the Sistine of the making of Adam. There lay the figure of Adam, fully shaped, but a dim languid form stretched on the sward, just able to lift a hand towards the approaching finger of the Almighty, which will touch and make him a living soul. "How," asked the child, "could Adam be there already before he was made?" The elder's answer he forgot, but now he had

come to see that Angelo was right. Adam had to be there before he could be made: it is so with all living things, they must exist before they can be made alive. For when one looked into it, what was life but a certain relation in which the thing that lives stands to the Power that creates it. He thought we might name this relation an interchange of self between the two, or an interpenetration of each by the other. That was at any rate part of the fact. But this relation could not come into being unless both the terms were there, the Creator and also the Creature. So in the making of man Adam must first be there in order that he may be made to live.

John, I expect, saw some of our faces growing blank, and looking off his manuscript said: "I am afraid you will not think there is much sense in this, or not much else than fancifulness. And of course I know we cannot imagine the alternative any better, a *creatio ex nihilo*. All I need ask you to agree to is that this is the farthest point in the process of creation to which our minds can go back: we can see those Two, fronting one the Other, man and his Creator, for the man must be there before he can be in a relation to God and so have a life unto God. How the

man comes out of the dark is what one cannot see: that is where the veil falls. I hope you will let me have it so at present, and then judge whether it does not help one to think out some other things."

They looked a little re-encouraged at this, but I thought John lost a little of what he had gained by adding, "I think I am really saying what the Prologue of the Fourth Gospel shadows out. 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God,' *πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*, unto God, in relation to Him. Have we not here the Two, God and His First Begotten, by whom also He made the worlds, fronting One the Other, at the very, very Beginning? All the world, and therefore Man himself, is there in the Word, out of whom he springs."

I have an idea that at this some one present was repeating to himself a reviewer's comment on a passage in John's brochure, "Can anything be more exasperating in religious writing than speculation of this kind?" However, we went on.

After the Creation comes the Incarnation, to redeem the Creature. How did we conceive of this event, the Word made flesh in Jesus? Again we were looking at the Two between whom by their touch the Life must spring, the true Life of

men this time. Here was the man Christ Jesus, the Incarnate one, set over against the Eternal, that, being *πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*, He might become *Θεός*. Jesus made the interchange of self by His absolute devotion to the Father (a devotion in which Christians have discerned one culminating moment in the Baptism with its signs). By that interchange of self, Jesus, and in Jesus mankind, became alive unto God, and the Incarnation had been wrought.

This was how the Incarnation began : how was it communicated to men, to disciples? Christ and the Disciple—these were now the Two whose communion must engender the life. What then was the story of the first transmission of the saving faith from the Incarnate to His human brethren, from the Man to men? It was a tale of Peter breaking an awed hush that followed the Prophet's challenge "Who think *ye* that I am?" by his "Thou art the Christ". In that speech the disciple made whole surrender of himself and his fortunes earthly and spiritual, and to him and the assenting brethren the Life passed : the Tradition started on its course. After this nothing could happen that was not the same in kind : the birth of every new Christian must be on this wise : at the touch of the faith of one in Christ before him, his faith will spring alive in

the like self-surrender, whereby he abides in Christ and Christ in him. This is the Incarnation at its work, Life from the Christ running in the veins of mankind.

Here the reader looked up to acknowledge the mystery his words had grazed on, the mystery of the communication of faith, *how* it is that it can pass from one soul to another. "The fact is so, I cannot doubt. Faith does make faith, life unto God in one man does cause another man to live unto God; but the link of causation between converter and converted, that is what escapes the eye. It seems to me that properly speaking there is no *causing*, there is only *occasioning*: I mean that in every conversion to Christ there is a new beginning, like the first creation of man; the soul of the convert, like that Adam of the Sistine, starts of itself alive unto God. The faith of his elder in Christ does only this—it gives the shock at which the Christian-to-be makes the effort to live and so is born alive; he finds in him a will to live which meets the Creator's Will to make live, and so there is life. That is all I can see of it myself: my own mind cannot get farther back than Adam about to be made and the Creator about to make him. Perhaps the mystery is a final one."

Two or three had been regarding him with close attention, but rather more seemed to note that philosophy was being talked and took the opportunity to rest their minds. But we were really getting near the point now, and all recovered some animation when the familiar phrase "The Sacrament as an extension of the Incarnation" came to their ears. John said he had found that formula most illuminating. Those ever-disputed words of Institution, "This is my Body," seemed to settle out of turbid contention into clarity and precision. For was it not true, most literally true? The Sacrament *is* the Body of Christ. It does for men even that which the mortal body did for the companions of Jesus, that body which walked with them in Galilee and sat at supper in Jerusalem and was broken on the cross. For what was that body, and its work? It was the instrument by which the Incarnate could impart His life to His followers, for it was the means of His manifestation. To be there in the body meant that He and men had bodily organs of knowledge which could act one on other, by which the Divine Spirit in the Lord and their human spirits could meet and interpenetrate, could exchange the self of man in them and the Selfhood of God in the Redeemer. When Peter and they that were with him saw, heard, and

touched Jesus the prophet of Nazareth, His self-surrender to the Father stirred them by the shock to make the same self-surrender, to offer the same sacrifice of their being, and, because He their Master lived, to live also unto God as He. It was all a mystery still, but could we state more closely than thus how the Bodily Presence of Jesus worked the salvation of men with whom He lived?

But the temporal Body of Jesus, once slain by the cross, ceased to be the manifestation of God and the instrument of life to men. What now became the instrument? For a moment in history the instrument was the Risen Body, the Presence of Jesus in the Appearances. After the Ascension and close of the Appearances the instrument by which God was manifested and the life imparted was the witness borne by those who had seen to those who had not seen, but could believe through their word. It was the Christian Tradition, the conveyance of the faith by Word, Sacrament, and Discipline. By the story of the Incarnation and by the Christian manner of life based upon that story's truth, the new Christians had the intercourse with the Incarnate through the senses, though not their own senses but those of the witnesses: by that story's help they too were in contact with Jesus, He was present even

bodily to them ; they saw and heard the Christ living unto God as man, as Jesus of Nazareth ; the thrill of His Personality struck on them, and their souls awoke to live unto God. " This Tradition then, will you let me say it, worked the work of the manifestation in the flesh. May I not say that in the Tradition the Body of Jesus, His earthly body even, was present still ? "

Some were disconcerted at this ; to my eyes they were saying " We wanted theology ; this is only philosophy, and we have no use for it ". Well, perhaps they have not ; but whose fault is that ?

But now a heightening of his tone told me we were reaching his climax. " Now if in the Tradition there is present the Body, above all there is that Presence in the Sacrament. I will not now think of what no one could miss, that this one record of the Christ is drama and not history only (' things seen are mightier than things heard ') and that the drama is of unsurpassable aptness as figuring the most elemental life-function for man who lives by bread. And I will not think here even of this, that it is Christ and Christ crucified whom the bread broken and the wine poured make present to us. We realize that every morn of communion. What comes before myself as constituting the unique power of this

sacrament to make Christ present to us is this ; beyond all those other elements which are instruments of the tradition of Life, beyond scripture, doctrine, creed, prayer, meditation, example, rule, this instrument carries the Redeemer's—Will. This we know He willed to be the conveyer to us of life as He willed no other. Of what action else was it commanded ' Do in remembrance of Me—this ' ? Over what other matter said the Lord ' My Body, it is this ' ? Here then as nowhere else the Incarnate set His will : here as nowhere else the Word chose to be made flesh, that in the flesh He might abide with man. If always it is the Spirit that creates the flesh, and apart from Spirit's act and deed the flesh is nothing in the world ; if it was the Spirit of the Christ that built Christ's tabernacle of the flesh ; then of all the Presence of God enduring now in our Lord on earth that part is most surely an organ, and an organ most having life, which is with the most certainty a creation of the spirit of Jesus, is an utterance of the mind of Christ, and has come into being by a determination of His will the most visible and the most emphatic.

“ But if in this rite the will of the Incarnate is more present than in aught else, then our human wills can more present themselves to Him in this than in exercises of soul which are not stamped

with the same assurance. Our wills can go thither because thither His will we know is coming. He has given us this holy tryst ; our faith can keep the tryst because His grace will not fail it. And so at the altar meet again the Two, Creator and created, that at their touch the fire may spring and man be a living soul with a life not unto nature but unto the Very God."

Then came a passage which I supposed was the end ; I am sure it was so in the paper as he showed it me beforehand.

"When one has tried to write out one's poor thinkings about such a matter, one puts down the pen to cry 'words, words, words!' And the Holy Communion is not words, but experience, not a doctrine but a thing that happens to one ; and there are really no words for it, though I suppose it is right to seek the best words one can find. But shall I be presumptuous if I say that much or most of the ceaseless sacramental controversy is an irrelevant labour, and the blows of disputants beat an invulnerable air. If our brethren of the Roman Church could prove their doctrine of Christ present in the wafer, and enable us to credit the convert who says that at his first communion he found it so (as if he knew it by the wafer's taste), should we be more able to receive the Body of Christ, would that taste be

any more a savour of life unto us? Or if the Unitarian could convince us that the elements are emblems only, would that frustrate our communion, if as a fact life did come to us in the eating and drinking? Or if our fellow-churchmen could make more distinct to us, than hitherto they find possible, the sense in which there is a Real Presence, would they be bringing us nearer into the mystery than they have already gone themselves by the aid of their own reverently-vague definition? That is what I would gladly hear. Meanwhile am I wrong in thinking that what we can truly know about the Sacrament is not any knowledge which can take a metaphysical expression, but a knowledge which can be verified in the way in which other truth that concerns man's fate is verified? For surely this can be known—whether to use the Sacrament makes the soul of the worshipper to have life in itself, even as one can know whether such a food or such an exercise makes the natural body fuller of life. But to know this is to know that in the Sacrament Christ is present, according to the word of that seeker long ago after the Divine communion, 'In Thy presence is the fulness of joy'—joy, life's other name—'and at Thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore'."

But this was not the end, and I see from his manuscript here before me that he had written down what followed, though I thought he was not reading it but speaking.

“ I have been trying to reason that the Presence of Christ in the Sacrament is the same fact as the Life which it imparts to the recipient. But I would like to close with two words about the Communion as Life. Have we not often remembered, and perhaps not without some demur, that the ancients called the Eucharist the *medicina immortalitatis*, the remedy of death. I feel the word jars on us, because it has a savour of selfishness, of a godliness which is gain. And yet—well, I found in some one’s inquiry into the Grail legend that in some forms of it, when the human myth was not yet Christianized but still a ‘noble savage, wild in woods,’ the mystic object of the quest is not a food giving life, but a weapon giving victory. I told myself these two are after all one. Life is war ; to survive against the gates of death is victory. Does one not covet this victory, to stand on one’s feet still against the wrestler Time who wears down body and soul ? to be able to say ‘ I shall not go under, I shall not be shamed with the shame of mortality : I shall not really suffer the degradation which flouts my eyes in this fellow

mortal, for whom I bring from the altar the viaticum to his loathly sick-bed, nor of that other whose aged faculties of wit and will are stumbling towards a final impotence. The Grail is weapon of a victory : I shall win it by this antidote to death, this glory which medicines death's shame, thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

“ The other word I wanted to say was this. In heathendom the Grail was called a weapon, and not wrongly, but in Christendom it has been named a food, more rightly. Will you let me think of another fancy of heathen men, the tale of her, the ravished maiden, who, having tasted of food in the underworld, must still remain bride to Death? Why, even so do we eat this bread in the Kingdom of heaven, and thereby are made sons who abide in the house for ever. This truth is how truer than the other ! If life, which the sacrament has for its gift, be war, also life is war's opposite, it is Love. It is that, because every act of living in all orders of living things is the act of giving up self to the whole, is indeed sacrifice, a losing life for the Other's sake to find it. But Sacrifice and Love, these two are not two but one ; they are names each one of the other.

“So Life is this, to conquer in a war against Death and Ending, and to live on. But would we care to live on, unless to live be also to love ; unless the Holy Communion were Communion with the Holy, were the fellowship of the saints, of all the saints, all. Them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him, the Christ, at that Coming when the Presence fills the sanctuary and the Glory rests on the altar. Them also does He bring. For here is the gate of heaven, where meet all the roads from the one world and the other, here is the threshold that marks off yet does not sunder our Time and their Eternity. Here the Spirits meet, and every day of the Communion is *Dies omnium animarum*. Here, whether in the body or out of the body, God knoweth, here they tryst together, we and they all, we that kneel to receive the Christ, they who are come to the tryst with Christ who gave it and who keeps.”

The voice ceased. That brief silence felt to me less like a hush than a storm, my heart was beating so. I did not know how we were to go on after this, nor yet how we were to end it. Bors (blessed man, I loved him for it!) he knew. He broke the pause by saying it was the chairman's duty at these times to prompt a discussion

of the paper. But he thought 'it would be more to the brethren's mind to-day if he only thanked our brother in their name for having led our minds through thoughts so deep and expressed with so much reverence and beauty, and then we left the reading undiscussed, as is done in the devotional meeting of a congress'. We murmured a firm approval. Then our guest, as Bishop, was asked to give the blessing, and so we came away.

But the Bishop let me overtake him. "I must allow myself," he said, "a hackneyed quotation

There lives more faith in this man's doubt
Believe me, than in half the creed

or all the Creed—of Blastonbury."

[Ah! now I know where they came from, those lines unsigned which Clements "borrowed from a friend" to illustrate a chapter in his volume on "the Holy Fellowship".

THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN.

When rosy falls my taper sheen
On frosty paten, silver grail,
I close my eyes and mark unseen
A Wonder pass that does not fail.
On soundless feet a company
Of heaven is come to kneel with me.

From lips of earth our Credo springs,
But ghostly lips the burden bear.
Our Holy, Holy, Holy rings,
Thy voice, beloved, and thine are there.
And faint on wistful forehead prest
Your Kiss of Peace hath left me blest.

XXIX.

Is it possible? Can it be that I, Mark of the Chantry, and for long only a priest among the hedgerows, that I can have any idea worth naming to another man about the statesmanship of Church? Of course it cannot be; though it is true "Captain's orders" are to find out how someone besides the diocesan can be set to be judge in heresy trials. Robert did not say that in jest: he really hoped I might get some thought to help him.

THE
COURT OF
HERESY.

And you, Mark the Obscure, it is you that have got it.

No, Mark the Vainglorious, not It. But yet the name for it, the name.

Shall I write it down? Not so soon. It would be something of an effrontery even to my own eyes, written down before my apologies for it.

Instead I will write down how I came to it. I had asked myself, Why should judgment on

doctrine be the office of the Bishop? and when I gave myself the answer, none of my own indeed yet an answer of some authority, that it always had been the Bishop's office to determine questions of faith, I told myself we would go behind that answer and make sure that it was true. There was the Creed of Nicæa: the bishops assembled in council made that, we say. Do we? But first they were bishops *assembled*, 300, not one; they could even have been what they claimed to be, the whole episcopate of the Catholic Church. And next, when assembled, how would they have done if it had not been for Athanasius, no bishop but a deacon? Then when the Creed had been penned and signed, had a judgment gone forth? New Rome had spoken, but was the case judged? Yes, after fifty years more of challenge and affirmation, challenge and affirmation, till Constantinople silenced the strife. Those fifty years were the true session of the council which made the Creed, the court that tried the cause was the whole people of Christ, Athanasius and Arius were the pleaders before them, sentence went forth, *securus judicavit orbis terrarum*.

That judgment of the whole round world, why was it secure?

I will take the reason which satisfies not

myself, who am conscious of a deeper one, but the most zealous champions of the episcopacy. It was *because* it was a judgment of the whole round world, of the universal undivided Church ; therefore was it sure. The Nicæan Fathers formulated Christian belief aright, not because they were bishops, nor because they were 318 bishops, but because the whole Church, after fifty years' study of it, found their formulation to be right.

How did the whole Church find it to be right?

By experiment, the experiment of human life. They tried to live by the faith of Arius, they tried to live by the faith of Athanasius : by either faith the good among them found some communion with the Father of their spirits, but more communion and more abiding, and for more of them, came by the following of him who taught that Jesus Christ is very God of very God. So Arius died and Athanasius reigned. Yet not he, but the People of Christ, whose voice he was. Nor yet the People of Christ, but the Spirit who indwells them, and prefers "beyond all temples the upright heart and pure".

In the name of Primitiveness, my Church's watchward, I ask that we in England to-day

should do as they did yesterday at Nicæa and Constantinople. Let the People of Christ make for themselves their Creed of Christ. Call an Athanasius to council, and an Arius too (how indeed, if you wished to choose and to reject, could you be sure which of your councillors is which prophet, the erring or the true, until their cause has been heard and judged) : then call the whole assembly of the men and women of Christ, and let them give their witness whether the Creed their elders offer them has led them into deeper communion with the eternal world, whether the truth of Christ has so come to them that they have life and have it abundantly. It will not be they that speak, but the Spirit that bears witness with their Spirit.

“Trust the great heart of the people.” So a statesman exhorted us half a century ago. It was wiser than his opponents thought, wiser perhaps than himself knew. The People’s heart, not their head. They are not great-headed but only many-headed. And I would not myself trust their great-heartedness : they can be trusted not because their heart is great, but because it is a heart. The blood is the life, and the heart is the seat of life. The heart of a people is a people’s life, and the heart of a Church is the life of a Church. Trust the great heart of the

people of a Church. For the Church's truth is her life; that which makes her to live is true. Let the People frame the laws of faith. Let the People Catholic, prince with commoner, commoner with prince, let bishop, priest, deacon, layman, man, woman, boy, maid, sit together in the council-hall of Human Experience and formulate the Catholic Creed.

"Let them sit," do I say? Our permission is not waited for. It is what they have always done.

No one ever believed a Creed which he had not himself made. He may have recited one that had been made for him by others: he never believed such a one. How could he, since belief is not in word but all in power, is the man's life as he lives it unto Him whom he has believed? Each man's confession of faith, if it does confess a faith, is the knowledge not of what by his teacher's telling God is, but of what God has been to him, the confessor. And the Church believes the Creed herself has made, the knowledge of what the Eternal One was and is to her, to this body of Christ through all its countless members in particular. She did thus at Nicæa and after, she did thus in Europe at the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation, she did thus in England when she reformulated her

beliefs in the Inspiration of Scripture and the Descent of Man, or when of recent days she decided against her Puritans to permit a sacramental worship in the *beauty* of holiness as well as only in the bareness. There she trusted the heart of the People. It was they who formulated these articles; they, not bishops in council. They did not do it without their bishops, any more than soldiers win Waterloos without a Wellington. But as all battles are "soldiers' battles," so all victories of the true faith are victories of the rank and file. We do not ask our generals in the field to be foot, horse, and guns as well as commanders. Why do we ask our Shepherds of the People in the holy warfare to do the work of all arms, to be shepherd and flock at once? They cannot do that, and not many of them would wish to try.

And yet there is room, I fear, for that "*let them sit in Council*" which I was rejecting. For we try not to let them. We think the faith is made and interpreted not by all but by a few. The Fathers of the commonwealth of Christ are to give the creeds to the commonalty. "This people that knoweth not and cannot know the law, how should it have a part in making it?" *Sacerdos ad altare* is a right motto. Yes, but the layman must come to the priest at the altar

foot or there is no sacrifice offered by the people, no communion is celebrated. *Episcopus ad concilium.* Yes, but he must come back from hall to marketplace and persuade the multitude of them that believe that he has counselled well and to *their* heart's content and approval.

Now perhaps I can venture to write the name of my thought. It is the Referendum. The Catholic Referendum, the reference of a decree to the assent of the whole people of Christ.

Erastianism, some will cry, deadly Erastianism, to borrow an institution of earthly politics and fasten it on the spiritual polity. But how so? This is no borrowing from the State, at least in England; for the Referendum is what we want to have there and have not got, because some champions of the people's right think they know them too well (as indeed perhaps they do know) to trust them with the right of saying what they want. On the contrary the Church, if she adopt the principle, will again, as at the first, 'be there' before the State is there; again by her example she will be teaching the State how to live.

But what shall I answer Bors who will tell me this is stark revolution; that I am putting the *vox populi* in the place of the *vox Dei*?

I shall answer that so far from being revolutionary I am not even innovator. I am pleading for a return to antiquity, a revival of primitive practice. In the Nicene age the forecast of Joel was fulfilled, the sons and the daughters of Israel prophesied, the old men and the young had dream and vision, on all flesh and even on servant and handmaid was the Spirit of truth poured out. *Quod ab omnibus creditum est*, that is the truth Catholic which the Church must hold and teach ; *quod ab omnibus*.

Ah ! but Bors, and men wiser than he though not more good, have an inner line of resistance. The Church of the Councils was the undivided Church, and in her the Spirit could speak ; her decree was the voice of the whole, and now in our divisions we cannot gather as one whole, and frame a judgment which is of Catholic authority.

Again I must answer out of Vincent. *Quod semper*. Does "Always" mean a certain four centuries, only four ? What of the fifteen other centuries ? Has the Spirit spoken in none of these, or is there any in which He has not spoken ? Great is the authority of 300 bishops, but the bishops of "all time" must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. These men, of whom some, if few, are thinkers fit to

change arguments with even an Athanasius, and the more part perhaps are ripe enough in Christian mind to sit as fellows with the 300 chief pastors from Greece and the East, are they to be as if they had never been? Is it nought, their experience of the Christ won during 2,000 years by the soul of mankind? Is this multitudinous testimony of credible witnesses to be put out of court when the cause of truth is on trial, on this account—that one portion and another of the Christian whole adopted for itself an organization of institutional religious life distinct from the others? Are these portions disqualified to witness how they have known Christ, because they have laid a differing emphasis on a credal article of third-rate moment, and on the racial predilections of which it was the flag, or held conflicting theories about the relation of spiritual to temporal authority, or about Church government within the spiritual sphere? Bors will say he is very sorry for this necessity, it is what he always thinks of when the prayer bids him rue “our unhappy divisions,” but we must consent to the unhappiness while we are still endeavouring to recover the bond of peace; we must be content with so much of Catholicity as the age of the Councils has saved for us from the wreck.

No, no, and twenty times No. With this forlorn *pis aller* we will not be content. The Spirit bloweth where He listeth, and still we hear the sound of Him and see the sway under that breath of the Church's mind and heart. Whence He cometh ; whether only out of those council-halls of assembled Fathers, or also out of unnumbered oratories of single saints or the gathered two or three : and whither He goeth, whether to whisper beside Peter's Chair in Rome or the Bishop's stool in Canterbury and York or the Chair of the Moderator in a synod of the North, this we cannot tell, except as we tell the course of the wind by its sway upon the grass and its murmur among the leaves. Where a true fire kindles in a heart and flames upon a tongue, there has been the Spirit, and of Him is born whoever or whatever comes there to a birth into life indeed.

Still I have not persuaded the vicar. He will tell me it is all no good, this Referendum, because it cannot be worked. How could we get the question put to the multitude, if it were ever so right that their answer should be taken ?

Well yes, that makes one pause before the reply will come.

But it comes. We can do this thing, because

it is the thing that always has been done. The Homöousion was referred to the people and became Church law by their vote. The taking of the vote was, one admits, a prolonged operation ; it required half a century. Its course was full of tumult, violence, and wrong. Again at the Reformation the conscience of Europe delivered its judgment, or judgments, on the true faith by a deliberation not less turbulent and with moments even of more horrid truculence. But lately over the law of Public Worship in English churches and the theory of Inspiration a decision was reached in much less than fifty years, with no martyrdoms of the "red" order and few even of the "white". Too many even so, as I must account. It is not well that a priest should go to prison, because his fellow-churchmen take so long to re-discover the lawfulness of sensuous beauty and symbolism in the worship of a Reformed communion : or that a chief pastor should be half ex-communicate, because his scholarship outstrips their own and they are tardy in re-adjusting their old religious affections to a new knowledge of the Hebrew Scripture.

Ah ! that tardiness, what shall cure us of this ? This tardiness to accept new revealings, which has on it the blood of all the prophets whom churches have ever stoned.

There are two things which must be remedied, and one of them will be very obdurate against treatment. It is man's selfishness. To give harbourage to a thought, even of God, which is a new thought, harbourage while the guest can be searched and tried to prove it friend or foe, this asks some sacrifice of self, asks at least for the generosity of the Berœans: and Berœans are always rare. Yet without despair we will appeal to our Thessalonica, when she raises the hue and cry against the heretic because of his self-assertion and conceit, to remember the "nobleness" of Berœa. Heresy, she cries, thy name is Selfishness. So it is; and Dogmatism, so is thine.

More remediable should be the other cause. It is the imagination that "the faith once delivered unto the saints" was a fixed intellectual quantity conveyable in a Scripture and a Creed. Some of our wisest speak as if, while the mind of the faithful was free to range the universe of the knowable and to learn for itself all that mind can learn, yet there is a pale of the intelligible world which is secluded from inquiry, where no man may walk as investigator of truth but only as passive recipient. That pale is the field of doctrine measured out and mapped by the formulators of the early Creeds. This is the

Deposit, the sum of heavenly gold with which the Church has been entrusted.

And we must reason urgently, though with the urgency of brotherly love, that the "faith delivered" is nowise like gold that can be lodged in the coffers of a bank. It is not a quantity at all. It is a power. I call it Life, and my dear pupil calls it Communion. We mean the same, that which goes to and fro between the Soul and its Creator, by which man has his being unto Him whose name is "I am". This is the Deposit placed in the hands of the saints, this power to have a life unto God in Christ. This we must safe-guard, for this we must earnestly contend; not for the Letter of Creeds, which cannot, cannot be the Life. This way lies one cure of that fear of change which stoneth the prophets before they are tried; we must persuade our brethren to think with us that faith is not a Letter, and that it is a Life.

And yet Creed, though it is not life, somehow is of life, and without it man cannot live. We are right about the Creed and John is wrong; it is of life. But *how* then is it of life, how?

But my tired head must think out that to-morrow.

One thing more. Have I seen what the machinery of election will be when the Referen-

dum is offered to *our* Christian commonalty ; how the vote can be taken in the present day Church of England?

Well, that too must wait for to-morrow—or perhaps the day after.

XXX.

JAMES VERLEY burst in on me at tea-time. "THOMAS"
"Burst," I say, for that's just what he does. ON THE
That large ruddy visage came like a sunbreak SITUA-
through cloud on a droopy November afternoon. TION.
But I detected something else than plain good
cheer in his face to-day; there was a joyful
mischief in his eyes. I guessed what he had come
over about, for I knew he had been with John,
but I dissembled my curiosity and asked him how
things were going at Norhampton and if the
scandalized respectables were beginning to put up
with his outrageous Gospel methods. And I
really did want a little to hear about this. But
he put me off with an "Oh, that's going all right,"
and said that it was *our* "row" he had come to
hear about.

"Well, have you heard what you wanted? I
suppose you have had a talk with Desmond?"

"I have," he said, "yes, I have. And I am
glad of it, too. He wants a fellow like myself to

take advice of. John's too good ; far too good to be trusted with advising himself."

"You feel that, then."

"Yes. He's horribly down at having been a 'hasty fool,' he says, and done a thing to spoil the 'Militia,' his own part in it anyway. Also at putting the Bishop and you in a fix. He's thinking of clearing out, some quiet way, to save his friends trouble."

"What's your advice to him then, if you don't mind telling me?"

"I don't mind telling you, if you don't mind my irreverent way of putting things between me and him. I said, 'You do nothing of the kind. Stick it out, old Jonathan. Keep your end up, and don't you go until umpire gives you out.' That was my unworthy language. But I mean it."

"And the umpire, who is he?"

"Why, naturally, the Bishop. Ain't the other side appealing—all over the field? But umpire hasn't given it yet—thank heavens."

I did thank heavens, silently. I gave Verley his second cup with a heart that as I looked at him began to stiffen for a fight. Are they appealing to umpire for an award under the laws of the game? We can appeal too; and umpire has not given it yet, thank heavens.

I got him to tell me what he heard at Northampton and in the neighbourhood about our situation. It happened to be a good deal, not because that Deanery is a strong centre of developments in theology or churchmanship, but because John is known there through the sermon he preached at their Festival some months back. A friend of Verley's (well, a "friend" at present, as I surmise) tells him the womankind there are mostly partisans of that preacher. The lady, however, took back some of her testimony by adding that she must in candour admit that not all of this adherence was yielded on the doctrinal merits of the case. One amiable matron, discussing with her circle, had given her friends away by remarking, in a sort of postscript to the forcible statement of her own theological position, "That young man's admirable expression of countenance"—(But I cannot write down here that silliness.) I said, "You did not repeat that yonder, I hope," pointing. "My life on it, no," laughed James; and then gave a choirboy's report to the servants' hall where he was houseboy. "O it was a lovely clergyman: he just stood up there and didn't look at no book, but you could just see the very light shining out of his eyes!" There are but two of the New Women in his parish, and their vicar rather wished they would

talk a little less; their advocacy didn't help Desmond, rather the reverse. Two of his Non-conformist brothers were warm in their sympathies. Something must be discounted, he feared, in Robson's case, where one might suspect a chaste jubilation over the embarrassment of our Church authorities. But good old "Barnabas" (Verley's gracious nickname for him) was in a real holy fervour. "That young man, Vicar, is the hope of Christianity. I was always for the Apostles' Creed myself, not like some of my brethren. But Communion—your Mr. Desmond has got at the root of things; that's where you and we are going to come together again. God's Holy Spirit be with him." And there were tears in the old eyes. On the other hand Pierce had written ("Pierce, you know, has gone Modernist, stark staring Modernist: pretty odd when one thinks of him here a few years back"); well, Pierce was not as pleased as one might have expected: said they felt rather like Cecil Rhodes when the Jameson's Raid "upset his applegart": Desmond had gone too far, or too fast rather, and so had given away points to the other side. Pierce, though, had a neat little apologue about Slagg, "the limping Vulcan that wants to play Mercury, herald of heaven". As to clerical opinion Verley's opportunities of knowing were

better than ours, because his neighbours could not feel it so awkward to speak out as ours on the spot, but not so very much better. They were mixing Desmond up with the Undenominationalists, "whom their soul hateth," not quite intelligently (in Verley's view), and one could not be much down on them for a rather natural confusion. "As to people in general (if there is such a thing, which I don't think there is), I should say Miss Jones at the post office might be considered an exponent of their attitude. When I come for a postal order she asks after the Reverend Desmond, and ends with, 'Well, what I think is, If a clergyman is doing what he ought, why can't they let him say what he pleases, when it's only in a book?' This tolerance is in Miss Jones' family. Her father, the farmer, signed a petition brought him by the curate for the release of Cyril Adams who was in prison for his incense at All Saints, Riverstoke; and on his staunch evangelical wife reproaching him for doing it, 'when you never heard of this Mr. Adams, and don't know what he's done more than that baby there,' was only able to reply, 'Well I thought the poor varmint might so well come out'."

I had another guest when Verley left. Sensier came from a committee which brought him into

the Vicarage, where he had conferred, I saw, with Bors about Desmond's affair. The visit's object to me was to tell me about his curate, late from the Chantry, who is shaping well; but he made it occasion to express his sympathy with us in the troublous time we must be having, and the possible severance of Desmond from his congenial sphere of work. He had gathered at the Vicarage that this was too likely. The Bishop's position must be a most distressing one, between his high esteem for Desmond's abilities and the claim of "Catholic order" on him as diocesan. The Church of course must be consistent; she could not repress Ritualists and leave the Rationalist alone. "Rationalist!" I echoed with a snap. I was at once sorry for the ferocity, and would have tried to help Sensier to know what Mystic is. But I looked at him: no, it couldn't be done.

My last visitor was Martha, for her appearance to set right some faultless particulars in the room was really a call on the Principal. She reported that Mr. Verley had been so kind as to come to see her. Mr. Desmond came with him too, was added, as if significant. After a pause, "I do wish, sir, he didn't have so much worry."

"You found that then?"

"Oh, yes. Even Thomas noticed it."

"Thomas?" I said, not in a moment identifying this sympathizer.

"Yes. He got up on Mr. Desmond's knee, and looked up at him, and reached up his great flat paw and patted him, just like this, on the cheek."

"Did he, now? What did you make of that?"

"Why, he saw the gentleman was sad and he did it to encourage him like. He's done it to myself once or twice when I had a worry. Does seem as if the dumb things could be kinder than some of their betters."

"Thomas is a credit to the Chantry," I commented. "He was doing the duty of the house to an old friend in trouble."

XXXI.

A GREEK
TRAGEDY.

WE were saying, Barrington and I, that we were in a tragedy. So we are. In a real classic tragedy, of the best Greek order of drama. For the plot is a conflict of two high principles, true both of them and sacred, but unreconciled. How shall I name them? Authority and Reason, Tradition and Progress, Society and Individual, Churchmanship and Conscience, any pair of these is right. These are the real protagonists, these supernal entities, not the men who present them on the stage. For our Tragedy is also a Morality. Our Bishop and our chaplain are two dear human friends whose fate is to put on the respective masks of their personifications, most reluctantly ; and with still more reluctance, the modest John especially, to be stilted up on the high-heeled buskin of publicity, and to have their speech megaphoned by the mouth-trumpet of the Church Press. And the tragic Chorus? What can that be but I, Mark of the Chantry? By my distractedness between them, by my

friendliness to both, and the helplessness of my friendship, I am admirably fitted to sustain that part according to the most classic tradition of it.

Here, then, seems the point, in this pause of the action, for a choric ode to moralize the situation. An ode, not a dance ; for never could I be chorus leader and set the tune to which anyone else would dance. Besides, here I am leader and the rest of the chorus too. So reciting neither with music nor measure, I declare that what is doing on our stage is the ancient "disastrous feud" of Old and New, the New that should be Old and will not, the Old that should be New and dares not. Here is a stripling saint asserting the validity of a communion which is that of the inward man of the heart ; and here is a Church asserting the necessity of confession of her Creed by all whom she will admit to communion with her. They think themselves truceless opposites : I know them to be not so ; my soul knows it, though not yet my mind. They think that one of the two must own defeat or fall : I know that neither need fall ; my fear is that both will get a deadly wound and neither of them win. And thou, O Chorus, pitiful ineffectual chorus, helpless friend, quavering inept spectator, wise moralizing futility, why don't you come in between the heroes and strike up swords

and show them it is all a wretched blunder over a word, and neither of them has so true a friend as is he at whose heart he aims his sword? Yes, why does not Chorus do it? Perhaps he is afraid he may for reward find the points of both antagonists meet in his own impertinent intruding body. Why, of course: that chance is always included in the blessing on the peacemaker. But if you had the adroitness to strike up both blades innocuously and persuade them to a parley, can you then persuade them to a peace? Can you show their fight *is* a blunder, and they are both of one mind if only they knew how they are minded? Yes, Mark, sage chorus of well-meaning Anglican Elders, the only use of you in this tragical piece is to find the word which will make their contentions at one by proving to be the word of both. You said just now you could bring no music to this drama: look to it that you bring at least some harmony.

XXXII.

ROBERT looked more strained than ever when he saw me at the Palace this morning after the mail. Certainly what he told me thickens the plot. "I am getting pushed," he said, "from quarters where I am bound to pay more attention than I do to iron-masters and their kind. I would like to tell you who it is that writes to me and what he says ; I could so much better take your counsel on it. But I mustn't. One has to be loyal to one's order, and keep their secrets even from the safest of one's personal friends. Perhaps I had better say I do not mean the highest authority ; else you might think it was that. Authority, however, enough to weigh heavy with me. . . . We won't talk of it just now. But turn over in your mind this much for a talk later. It is this. My correspondent, who has a very wide knowledge of public opinion and is himself by no means among the 'backwoodsmen' in Church politics, represents that it will be an unhappy thing to let

"WE
TOOK
COUNSEL
TO-
GETHER."

this issue be forced to the front just now and just in this way. Opinion in the Church has to ripen much more before Desmond's notion (in which no doubt there is a modicum of value among his youthful confusions) can be soundly considered. And then the question should be raised by some more serious personage than an irresponsible young scholar, who has no position in the Church and can as yet have but little spiritual experience. The right course, it is urged on me, is to let Desmond retire from his present post. Then people cannot identify our Chapter with his subversive views. The objectors will raise no more dust, and what there is will soon settle. The quiet evolution of religious thought, which is daily bringing the public mind of the Church into accord with the new knowledge, so far as it is also true, will proceed peacefully and wholesomely.

“This letter impresses me the more because nothing is said about certain practical aspects, which you and I know of, and I have to keep in sight, though one is ashamed to have to think of them, the things or the people. It's not easy to say ‘Get thee behind me’ to this counsellor.

“Now, Mark, I shall not say what I think

myself about this advice. Perhaps I do not yet know what I think. Anyhow, give me your own thought on it, your very own. And the Spirit of Counsel help us both."

I said Amen to that.

XXXIII.

CREED
AND OUR
"UN-
HAPPY DI-
VISIONS."

"I WISH, John, I could understand better," I said, "why you felt it necessary to put forth your idea of admitting the Unitarian to our communions. It was so certain to bring down the storm. Why could you not have stopped at the Nonconformist?" (I had hardened my heart to open the distressing subject again. I felt I must, before meeting Robert about that letter of pressure, make sure of what the moral situation is between our Innovator and Authority in the Church.) "I suppose it was absence of mind, this too?"

"No, not this time. I did it wide awake. You see the Unitarian made a crucial case. People will put up with your inviting the Nonconformist; it is a thing that has been done, and some authority can be quoted for the principle. They would have passed it by as a bit of weak charitable sentiment, pitied my youth, and kindly looked the other way. Then the

question would not have been raised. But if I said 'Unitarian,' they were bound to look my way, and face the question. The Unitarian is not a Christian," they say (I don't: I say that depends) "and to treat him as our even Christian is a thing that cannot be stood. So they had to go for my little book, and, except for the trouble I have brought on you and the Bishop, I can't say I am sorry. You remember that 'Conclave' about the Tractarians, how pleased the men were over Hurrell Froude's 'We must make a row'. Well" (with a rather watery twinkle), "I seem to have made my little row. And I could not do it short of the Unitarian."

I agreed he had made a row ; I conceded too that sometimes a row might be a weapon of Christian warfare not illegitimate, though it has such a carnal look. But the quarrel should be for a sound cause and also have a chance of winning. Was it sound to invite a man who does not believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ to share with us that act of reverence which most exacts a belief in that Divinity ?

"How does one know," he replied rather impetuously, "that the Unitarian does not believe in Christ as really as we do? We say, 'I believe that Jesus Christ is Son of God'. What do we mean by it? Do we know what it is to

be Son of God? We do not pretend to know it, those of us who have been trained to think about such things. The Divine Sonship—no mortal has even a guess at what that fact is, what it is to the Son, what it is to the Father. All we really know is what the fact is to the mortal himself, what difference it makes to his fate here on earth and afterwards. At every Eucharist when I declare Jesus to be Son of the Father who was made Man, what is it I declare? This, that He has made it possible for me by His death and passion to have my own being united with the Reality which is God. All Christianity is in that—Incarnation, Atonement, Sanctification, Eternal Hope, all : these are but the moments of the process of salvation by faith in Christ ; they are all summed up in the mystic fact—the soul's entry into a oneness with God. Now if the Unitarian would come to our Eucharist in the belief that by doing so he might attain this oneness, I see not why he is unworthy communicant, because he cannot think in the same way as we do about the personality of Jesus and how it is related to the Divine Personality. That is a question in pure metaphysics, and we ourselves confess that we have no guarantee for the correctness of a Christian's metaphysic as such : what the effect is on our

spirit, that is what matters. Now this is how it seems to stand between him and us. He believes Jesus to have worked for us this union of soul and God. So do we. But he thinks Jesus worked it by his teaching and example only : we say that He worked it, as in earth so in heaven, not naturally but mystically, by an operation that had effect in the sphere of the infinite as well as the finite. Of the fact then of our salvation through Jesus he thinks very much as we do : of the means he thinks otherwise than we. But it is the fact surely and not the means to it which concerns us as religious beings ; to hold the fact is what makes the Christian's faith, for it is what makes his salvation. That is why I think a Unitarian of holy life may be a Christian without knowing it, like ourselves, except in the reason he renders for his faith, and may be able in heart and conscience to approach the mystic Reality by the way of our liturgy and with us. He has the fact of Communion, and I have asked the Church to tell me why we should deny him the right. What is the Church's answer ?"

How promptly Sensier could have answered ! Why could not I ? If I had given the Church's answer as he would, or even as the gentle Bors, I should have felt a little ashamed, because there

was an insight and still more a passion in his question with which none in my answer could at the moment cope. I knew an answer was in me, but it would not out, not yet. I said to him that I doubted my power to do justice to our brother Churchmen's position till I had weighed his challenge longer. He looked so disappointed and chilled that I tried to say a little more, which was that our communicants, the ordinary sort, would be incapable of feeling that this man's *intention* was the same as theirs, while it was no great hardship to leave him to worship with those who were in full sympathy with him. He rejoined that of course the desire for such communion with us would be most rare, but that he wanted to raise the question of principle by a crucial instance: if the Unitarian's right were established, it would be won for the Nonconformist.

That would be so, I agreed. But supposing he found himself ready to go with the Unitarian to the Christian mysteries, did he need to go with him also to what our friends were calling "an attack on the Creeds". He might have insisted on the primacy in religion of Communion, and left people to learn for themselves the secondariness of Creed. I reminded him of the

wisdom of Paul at Ephesus, preaching Christ but not blaspheming Diana. Why did he quixotically court this shock with the feelings of Churchmen? Could he not have ridden round this windmill?

"But it is exactly the Credal Principle," he said, "which has become the enemy here. Paul let alone Diana: yes, but he did not let alone the Law, when it was making Christ profit men nothing. To-day it is Creed which is the Law. And it is not only that this Law of our days takes our time and strength away from the deeper intercourse with Christ. That hurts us as single souls, but it is Creed that hurts the churches also. It is the Creeds that divide us, that make the communion of church with church impossible while we think of Creed as we do."

"I cannot allow you this," I came in. "Creed may divide, but only to unite us better. For me Creed is part of the process of Incarnation, it is the Word becoming incarnate in that of man's flesh which is human thought and language. It begins no doubt by dividing, all definition does that. But also it makes communication possible. Remember Tennyson saying of the lost comrade,

Eternal form will still divide
Eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

The features of the friend's personality, which separated him as an individual from all else and from his friend, would be that by which each would know each and be again in commune. But I take higher example, the highest. The Incarnation of the Christ was at first a dividing, it was the separating of the Son from the Father, and the separating of Jesus as an individual man from all other men. But why? In order that as Jesus the man He might be in communion with men His brethren, by an experience like theirs, and that as the Son He might, by fulfilling the Incarnation in a perfect self-sacrifice, return to the bosom of the Father. The Incarnation which is Creed must be fulfilled, not arrested, not turned back on its course, as it would be if we listened to the anti-dogmatists, who want us to go back from our divergent definitions to a residual common Christianity. No, no, we must not go back, but on and on and through; not drop our definitions but define the faith more and ever more; let Incarnation have its perfect work, bringing into subjection every thought of men and the words in which they think the thought, till the Christ be wholly

formed in this flesh of our intelligence, and Creed be nothing else than faith thinking aloud. This is the road we must travel towards a union of Christendom : this road will lead us into all truth, and lead the parted Churches to one same truth."

He could hardly let me finish for eagerness. "Yes, yes," he cried, "on, on, and through. That *is* the way, it is. If—if—if—only they would let us do it. But no, we are to be pulled up dead somewhere not less than thirteen centuries ago or even fifteen. Hitherto hast thou come, O soul of Christian Man, but no farther. How far then? 'As far as to the Creed the Fathers at Nicæa made. So far went the Spirit with the Church's soul. What the soul knew then, that is knowledge of God' Principal, are we going to rest our hopes of salvation on this which is a word ; however sacred, still a word? It is the Spirit's word, they say. So is Scripture, of which Creed is only the echo ; and how that word of Scripture, the mere *word* of it, the letter, how it crumbles with time—the Six Days, Joshua's sun, Jonah's whale, and some greater things. The Bible *is* the word of the Spirit. But so too is every mortal body of a man, and what is that body when it gives up the ghost? It is no better than the live sea-wave

that is flat dead brine when the wind-thrill that lifted it has passed. So I say with our most loyal, the articles of the Creed are words of eternal life, we do live by them as by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God : but only while it does proceed. They tell me that our best and wisest find these old phrases still the right voice of their belief. No, not these phrases, not the mere speech that Athanasius wrote, but these when our age and every age is filling them with its own new life. When we recite the Creed to-day we chant the primitive syllables, but how much else ! We are singing into the same old measure the wisdom of all prophets since who have interpreted our hope, and all the joy of poets who enchant our experience. It is not the letter that saves, but the fire that comes and comes upon the letter, proceeding out of the mouth of God. The Creed is a lamp that shines to light us, but it is a lamp like—why, like this of mine, which is but a branch of dead black metal filaments, till the light current, see, is shot along it.”

He took breath, his colour mounting. I put in nothing, and he went on quietly,

“It is pious and faithful of the Church to trust to the Creeds as we do : but it is not being real. It is a make-believe, though we don’t mean it so,

to treat a written formula as if it could tell us, by itself at least, the facts about God and man. It cannot, a Creed cannot. And all the while there is something else that can. . . . Yes" (in an undertone), "the word is very nigh thee."

It was easy for me to divine whither he was going now. He and I have been there before this together.

"There is something which tells us what the truth is about God and about the soul. . . . It is our Self. . . . If the Divine Reality is really there, and this soul of mine is something to It and It to my soul; if there is a real eternal world, and the powers of it made me begin to live and keep me living; then I know God as the blind man knows the sun. What does the blind want with an astronomy to tell him there is a sun in heaven? Can that astronomy warm his limbs and make his heart lightsome? And this astronomy of fourth century doctors—in some minor points now become a Ptolemaic theory of the heavens—can it quicken my soul's pulse and make me know there is a Holy Ghost, the Giver of Life? It is not so. I believe in God the Father because moment by moment He fathers this being which is I. Though the Creeds tell me this, and tell it from the lips of Jesus, not even so should I know it to be true, unless

also my very Self told it to myself. Every being must somehow know its own estate in the world. Whatever is my real condition, the relation in which my soul is placed to the soul of all things, I must needs be aware of it, if not in my mind, yet in my self: that relation is part of the self. We men know the thing we are, for to be it is to know it. And so I learn that Christ is my Saviour by the salvation that happens in me; and I am sure I shall live for ever, because here and now in this body, this heart and limbs, I have the life-for-ever."

I would not speak, though he made a long pause. I felt he had not done yet. He paused and went on.

"Don't call me individualist for talking like this, and think me selfish, only caring about my own poor soul. It isn't like that. What I am trusting in is all men's trust as well as mine. And it is the hope of all the Churches too. Say what you will about the Creeds that divided us uniting us some day, the day is a long day. Meanwhile it is in the Creeds that we are separate, but in this knowledge that is communion with the real world we are all at one. There are Creeds many, but one Communion. This is the 'common Christianity,' which some of us deride as a dead thing. It is not dead; it is the livest

thing of all, the root of our life, the elemental manhood of us which makes us to be men, unlike the creatures that God made but did not make to know Him. This is where the Churches are to meet again; this is where there shall be neither Trinitarian nor Unitarian, Anglican, Lutheran, Rome or Free, but Christ be again all and in all. There's the mark on which I have bent the aim of my little venture in theology—the re-union of the Churches. Creeds divide them, Communion will make them one."

He ended somewhat rapt, and I was slow to speak, and break in too soon upon the muse in which he hung. At last I said,

"Thank you, John, thank you for this. You have the truth; not the whole truth, but much more than the half. Thou art not far from——. God bring the rest of us as near."

The dear lad, he had taken up his prophecy indeed. He looked spent with it when it was done.

How hard is the dilemma for him. He is a knight of our Round Table who vowed the vow when our King began to make a realm, and he is the Percivale of them. Now here has he started on a Quest of the Grail—for is it not that, the Cup of the Passion, the Mystery of

Communion?—and it seems as if the Quest must separate him from the fellowship of the Round Table and the work in Arthur's wars. I think that hardly will "the sweet vision of the Holy Grail" comfort his heart for the loss of the fellowship with us.

Will we let it be lost?

XXXIV.

Qui e il corpo del D.D. Molinos il gran Herit. FAITH
AND THE
MYSTIC.
So ran an inscription upon a stone in S. Pietro
in Montorio. Was the body of the Great
Heretic really under the stone? Perhaps :
though one could not know where the body went
of anyone who passed into the care of the In-
quisition in Spain of the seventeenth century.
Disappearance, so difficult nowadays for a
criminal, was in those times easy for a saint. Of
more concern is the question, Where is the soul
of Molinos and where is the soul of the Inquisitor,
and do they meet (as he said at the cell-prison
door they should), and how?

Our writer in the New-Old Library series,
whom Sensier absurdly called Rationalist, and
less well-informed persons are labelling Modernist,
is, of course, a Mystic. It is possible to be both
at once, but John is not a modernizing mystic ;
he is after the order of Molinos, the Quaker
saint of Spain, whom the Jesuits buried alive for

teaching men to practise wordless prayer, the prayer of silence.

A gentleman found on his knees in a cathedral not in service hours was rebuked for it by the verger, who refused to accept the excuse that he was saying a prayer. "Look 'ere, sir, you'll 'ave to go out ; we can't 'ave no praying in 'ere." The culprit might have echoed the historic formula often on the lip of Colonel B ——, Protestant, "Then I knew that verger was a Jesuit". When I read Molinos' story I can echo the Colonel, with an inversion. "Now I know that Jesuit was a verger?" He ruled that they could not have praying, if it was "the prayer of silence," *in there*, in the Catholic Church as recognized by the Society of Jesus.

Was not the issue between Molinos and the Society of the same character as that between John and Church authority? Molinos taught his religious countrymen to prefer "contemplation" to "meditation," mental prayer to the exercise of the Rosary, preparation of the heart for Communion to pre-Communion confession to a priest, and the continuous act of faith and love to the rules in Jesuit manuals of "How often and when we are obliged to love God." For teaching this, a saint of sixty years must be led with hands bound and the burning torch of the peni-

tent clasped between them, through the nave of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, up to the tribunal of the Holy Office, there to hear read the hours-long abstract of his trial and the judgment, intercalated again and again by the "al fuoco!" of the Roman crowd, and to receive his sentence—, "imprisonment in a cell for life, to recite once daily the Apostles' Creed, twice the Rosary, with three fasts a week, four confessions a year, and the blessed Sacrament at his Confessor's discretion".

Horrible, most horrible!

But suppose we that these men of Spain and Rome were sinners above all Church rulers and all crowds of Christian folk who have ever been judges or lookers-on at a trial of heresy? Jesus perhaps would have warned us, "Nay, but except ye have ears to hear the prophets, ye shall all likewise persecute".

I am not writing absurdly. I know that a young cleric liable to a mild and tacit censure by his superiors for departing from the credal standards of his Church, is not in the plight of that murdered preacher of inward and spiritual religion. John Desmond is not Molinos; and also "This is the English not the Spanish Church". But the issue here between innovator and authority is the very same as there, if we put out

of sight the lust of power and the selfish fears which blinded Spanish officialdom to its sin. For it is the supposed antagonism between inward and outward in faith, spiritual and institutional, the *litera scripta* of external law and the law graven on fleshy tables of the heart, the Creed that is in word and the Creed that is in power, though it be the commune of silence, between in fine the Church's "devotions" and a soul's devotion.

There is a point in which I pray the parallel may fail wholly. Benedict Odescalchi, near friend of Molinos, and now become Innocent XI, would fain have delivered the arraigned prophet, had a Bishop of Rome been master in his own house. It is very hard, as we know, for a bishop of the flock of Christ to protect a reformer from the blindness of priests and people, when that bishop is only a Pope. But here again "This is the English not the Spanish Church".

Now could our Referendum have saved the author of the *Guida Spirituale*? Beyond a doubt it could, if the people's verdict could have had validity; if the Church had dared the experiment of Human Experience, and had let see whether it was the *Guida* or the Rosary that more made for life in her children. But the

judgment given by Molinist Spain was an "unarmed Justice" and could only deliver the prophet to the priest.

England to-day is not Spain of that long yesterday, but I have still to show Robert *how* the Referendum could in practice be taken. Yet that is very easy. The Referendum takes itself. The machinery is there already, and even in working order, if only it were set free to work. In effect it always does work, whether the authority recognizes it or not. It worked at Wesley's touch, it worked at Newman's, not waiting to be authorized. England entertained a truth which Wesley taught, tested it by experience of men and women whose hearts God had opened, found that this way came life to her, and returned the verdict which we call the faith of an Evangelical. Tractarianism was referred to the multitude of them that believe, and the people willed to have it so. There and there the Referendum worked, but with what extravagance of cost—the secession of many Tractarians, of all Wesleyans. What will be the cause of a like extravagance of cost to-day?

One cause will be this, that many who hold the keys of knowledge fear to open the door, not (perish the suspicion!) because of greed of power,

but because they are honestly afraid, with a human and even a godly fear, to let the people go in where they fear to go in themselves. The knowledge they dread to look into is the knowledge which is in the soul of man when that soul lays itself open to the communing of God. "There is the door to which they find no key," who think that all that can be known of God was "deposited" in writings of saints and Councils. They believe these writings grow not old, and they do well. Let them also believe that they for ever grow young, renewing their youth when that which touches and is touched by them is the live heart of man.

I pray to see our Church trust the live heart of man. I pray to see her now refer to the judgment of life, the corporate life of a people of Christ, this venturous, or it may be this venturesome thought of my scholar, to learn what it has in it of right and what of error. To that judgment it will be referred, whether she will or no, unless she silences the question before it can be widely heard. The question must not be silenced. We here must not let that be. This cause which has for advocate an intelligence so wide and an imagination so pure and brave, must not be turned away unheard. The Church must listen and pronounce, not as her mind was yesterday or on

other yesterdays, but as, when her people are truly met together and Christ's Spirit in the midst of them, she shall pronounce her mind to-day.

I seem to see what is coming. It is an act of faith, the common corporate faith of the Church. There will be stirred by this quarrel over John an "earnest contention for the faith," a contention which has slept too long, between truth from this side and truth from that, champion and champion accusing and excusing. There will be the first arrow-flights from the advanced archery of partisan critics and apologists; then the heaving of the massed phalanx behind them of public opinion, slow but weighty in movement; the man of affairs who knows little of theology but something of man's facts and fortunes through his cares of family and business, and the experience of what trust it was which established his heart in a day of trial; the mother coveting earnestly the best gifts for a child and waiting to see fulfilment in "the son of such prayers"; the boy, like my godson at Lillington to whom the meaning of religion came somewhat from his tutor or perhaps myself, but more from "the Head's" brief word to him about a man's task in life; the girl, as Robert's niece, fresh from St. Aldwyth Hall, who cannot be got to interest herself in

“good works” as done in Micklethorpe, yet is full of the fire of service, and will bind her dutifulness to a cause that will harness also her intelligence and her pluck.

These are the persons who in the event decide how the faith they hold shall be spelt, or at least what the spelling of it shall mean for them. We pastors and masters can offer them, according to the proportion of our faith, a spelling or a meaning within the spelling, but it is they who will choose it for themselves and not we for them. But it is we and not they who can provoke a people to the choice. And we will do it. We will make a beginning at Carleford.

.

What was it made me go to John again to-night? A great uneasiness came on me near bed-time. Was it only that ghastly Molinos story come back to scare me? It drove me out to his lodging. Entering, as we always do, without knocking, I found him at his writing-table and caught sight without meaning it of the address on an envelope lying there. He rose with the embarrassed air which betrays to a new-comer that he was just then on our lips or in our mind.

Besides he had intercepted my glance at the address on his writing-pad.

"I've had to do this," he said, touching the envelope. "I was just going out to post it to the Bishop. I simply can't let him and you be dragged into this trouble over me, whatever it costs to go. It isn't just the worry and the scandal and all that : it is that this wretched fuss over my doings will spoil the Bishop's hand for the work here—the work I fancied I might have some hand in myself. Now it has turned out quite the other way ; so I shall go. This is to tell him."

I did not speak for a moment ; then I said in a voice rather afraid of itself, "John, you were right, more than I thought till to-night—about certain things. I see what made me come across now, just now, just in time, before you sent that letter. . . . It was one of Them—of 'the Company'—that are not here, and are. They want you not to send it."

He sat down and stared in front of him. I went on. "It isn't for your sake and it isn't for ours either. It's for the sake of the Church. You are the test case, to decide whether the Church has a right to have her own mind about her own beliefs, or whether the living Church must have her mind made up for her beforehand

by a dead past or by her least lively members in the live present. It is the Church, John, not Slagg, that should say whether you are heretic or not. That's the fight. It would be the easier thing to keep out of it, for us and still more for you. The harder, braver, faithfuller thing is to go into it ; for it is you we have to fight about, it's your poor body that will be contended over, pulled this way and that, head and heel, between the two sides, us and them. Verley's counsel was the right one, to 'stick it out'. Perhaps you distrust *him*, because he's too fond of a fight. Well, I'm not : you know I never was a fighter, never. But I am to-day. You must not baulk us of it."

Still he stared before him and did not speak. But then—the word came to me.

"Comrade," I paused, "Comrade, this matter *is* our Militia, our soldiership, that you have a hand in. And there are more comrades in it than we here. Do you remember that morning in St. Mary's, the Latin liturgy : *Igitur cum angelis et archangelis et cum omni MILITIA cœlestis EXERCITUS* ? See, this is what 'all the company of heaven' is—a soldiery, a company of war."

John rose. He took the letter up and laid it on the coals. The flame leapt, lighting his

face bent over it, and the eyes in a still trance.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord!

XXXV.

PEACE ON
EARTH, OR
A SWORD?

“AM I going to have the moment of my life?”

I whispered to myself, as I stood for five seconds in the Hall, to pull myself together before I knocked at the Library door. It is only a confidential talk with my oldest friend, and more than a brother to me, who have no brothers of my blood, and yet here is my heart beating as if it were an audience with a King where I must plead for the life of a son. Perhaps it is a little like that.

He looked up and nodded. “Ah, now I am to have your counsel, old friend. You don’t know how I am waiting for it. And there’s no need for me to tell you anything further: I have had no communication from any quarter since that letter, and no new light has come to me to change anything. So you are just to tell me how the situation seems to you.”

“I want to try. Only you may have to tell me something first. For I must be sure I

understand the situation as you understand it. So correct me where I miss anything.

“ You, as I suppose, see these things ; that the book has made a real trouble in the diocese, and scandalized some good simple people and old-fashioned pious people, as well as our layman at Blastonbury, who is in a way simple without being specially good, and not a few persons who are good without being simple or yet very wise. To them it looks like an aspersion of the Christian faith.

“ Then there is the hard fact that the drift of Desmond’s teaching actually is different to the teaching of the Church, at any rate in the expression of it, and his censors can say with much force that, as he is commissioned and paid to deliver the Church’s teaching, there is a sort of breach of contract in uttering doctrines which she does not want her people to hear.”

He nodded to this.

“ And here is his Bishop charged with the direction and control of Church teaching in the diocese, and pledged to ‘ drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines ’. So how are you to help intervening when you are appealed to against a heresy? Besides they are moderate, they do not ask for more than that you should withdraw your countenance from a heretic, and not make your-

self partaker of his evil deed, as you will if you retain him in an office so closely associated with your authority. Also it seems such a little matter to let a young man retire from a post of very small value and go somewhere else : while it may not be such a little matter to alienate a large body of Church people, and perhaps to cripple the best and most essential work going on in the diocese by forfeiting their practical support. Of course I am thinking of the money for Smeltenham, and I know that a bishop has to be statesman as well as Churchman, and part of his duty is to steward wisely the unrighteous mammon of the flock.

“The only other feature in the situation which I see is a thing that will be much on your mind, but is better on *my* tongue than on yours. If a priest must be true to his cloth, a bishop must to his lawn : I suppose even I can feel how your obligation to your Order straitens you in handling the matter : you can’t neglect their concern in it. Have I got it right ?”

“You’ve got it all, Mark, only too right, this much of it. But there’s the other side of it, you know.”

“I was coming to that. I got it from you when you came with Slagg’s letter, and said you

were here to do the work of a Bishop not an Inquisitor of prophecy (though for myself if it's to be one man it should be you). But you set me, I don't forget you set unlikely me, to find the proper court of inquiry into the prophets, and I have done my best. Then Desmond is the ablest of your own men, chief hope of the Movement: it will be miserable to spoil his hand, our very right hand. One thing more, and this more is the most."

I paused. "Yes, go on to that, Mark."

And I did: "If Desmond is to be silenced for raising a question as to what is the faith of his Church, and suggesting an answer which does not agree with the accepted standards, the standards accepted at the time; if that is what is to happen——."

I did not go on. The gap was well enough filled in by the long look we exchanged. He moved in his chair.

"Yes, you have it well. So now your mind on it, before I say anything. And, cousin, don't think I treat you badly if I should say nothing, even when I have heard you out. Can you understand me?"

"I can. And I am glad, for I can speak all the more frankly. For though we are friends,

I am not bishop and you are. And that makes a difference when the matter is a big one, as this one is : yes, very big.

"But let me tell you first about that Court of Scrutiny I was to find for you. Your Commission shall make its report."

I gave him in some detail my idea of the Catholic Referendum. When I finished he remarked, "I ought to be rather taken aback, Mark, by this from you. This is out and out revolution you propose, and the last thing I ever saw in you was a violent revolutionary."

"You don't see one in me now," I explained, "this is not revolution, it is hardly even evolution ; it is the return to antiquity." He smiled with a grim amusement, and hoped I might convince our Traditionalists that I was one of them and this was always their Catholic practice.

Then I went on.

"You knew, I expect, how when you and I began here, 'the boys,' as we called them, used to talk about the Movement, the 'Militia,' the campaign for a 'Real' Church. It was vain-glory, but glory too. 'The Real Church,' that was the *symbolum* that passed among them in the Chantry at the beginning. They have not forgotten it. Desmond thinks his book is a stroke he had to strike in the campaign of Reality.

And, Robert, he is right. It is that. Or at least we can make it that. He may be wrong in much of the matter ; he is wrong. But his cause is right enough to give us our opportunity.

“I mean that this stir about him brings us up against an unreality, which we are bound to grapple with, if we are men of our word. To say that the Church’s Creeds *cannot* be changed, that a Council’s formula of the Fourth Century is the exact, full, perfect, and final truth of things for all time and its syllables can never be revised, added to, or taken from—it is an honest belief and a loyal and a devout belief, and many are saints who hold it, and even sages ; but it is not a real. For the thing is not so. The faith once delivered, the ‘deposit’ as they call it (drear counting-house phrase), is not those words of the Fathers nor any words at all ; it is a thing ; the thing which Desmond’s book calls ‘Communion’ and you and I would call ‘Life in Christ’. That is what was handed down to us and we must hand on to others. That, not words which the Council’s clerk wrote out on a parchment and three hundred bishops signed.

“Then to cry ‘heretic’ after a man who brings a new shade of doctrine, because it does not quite match the shade they are used to, without waiting for the Church their Mother to judge whether she

accepts or rejects it, that is unreal. But a terribly real mischief it is, for on such terms the Church buys no new truth, or buys it late and at a miserable cost."

I took breath, for my talk was coming freely and fast, however that could happen with me, and I had a look at him, while I could. We were still on common ground, but perhaps at what was coming I should want to look away from him. Then a something seized me. I was not like myself, my own voice sounded strange to me.

"Robert, this is our time. This is what we came here for—to save the Church from herself by saving John from her. Make him stay where he is, and dare the heresy-hunters to turn him out. Raise the great question over his case; force them to show if they can that what Churchmen thought in one age must be all that Churchmen may think in any age; that the Church's mind can never grow wiser than it was at first, that her children can never any more be taught of the Lord and Giver of Life, that Christ promised what He could not perform, and the Spirit who was to come to show us things to come does not show them, as Christ said He should. I say, let the storm break, if there is one. It will wake our Church-folk out

of their trance, to see things as things are, to handle facts instead of words, to learn that their faith is not and never was in the mortal syllables of a formula, in metaphors, in images graven by art and man's device, that at best are but figures of the true, and if we worship them are dumb idols that cannot save. They will learn, what they always have known without knowing that they knew it, or without daring to say they knew, that our faith is not in man or in anything of man that can die, not even in his wisest thinkings and his clearest language for his thought. Our faith is in the living Spirit of God and the life in our human soul that beats between Him and us, and is the voice to-day for what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

"It is what we are here for. Who knoweth if thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

I had not been looking at him, but somehow I knew that he was looking at me, surprised. Now I faced him.

"Robert, Cousin Robert, there's my counsel. It is, to send a round answer back to the men of little mind and of not good will who are suing John for heresy. Let us ask—Who made them judges in such causes, and by what right they claim to know the mind of the Church about a

new prophet better than She knows it herself? Let us claim that in the English Church as in the English State there shall be the right of personal freedom : that if a *Habeas Corpus* protects the citizen, a *Habeas Animam* shall protect the Churchman. Then let the case go to be tried by the great soul of the People of Christ, the Catholic Church, all its ranks and orders, the multitude of them that believe, with the bishops and pastors of the flock, every man in his own order, but *all* of them, the learned with the simple, the few that know the Will of God and the many that can only do it. Send the case for trial by this whole Church of Christ, **not** a part of it ; and when they shall answer that thus is the truth or thus, for to believe this is life to us, let that be the Catholic Faith which whosoever would be saved must hold.

“O how ashamed I am to be saying this to you, the Bishop. It’s I that talk, you that take the resolve. What a poor coward I feel myself, calling for a fight when it is you, not I, that have to do the fighting, and bear the risks and the spites, while I’m a nobody and can stay behind out of shot. Though perhaps I take some risks too of getting hurt, and anyhow all that I care for much outside my own poor person (and that is the Cause you made me follow),

stands to win or fall with you, if you take up arms in this quarrel—as I think you will. It is the rightful quarrel of the Church; not the High Church, nor the Low, nor the Broad, but the Real Church, that name we have used among ourselves, and not told the others; the Church whose soldiers we meant to be. Robert, let us go to war *in nomine Domini*.”

The strong face worked and settled into stern lines. I am sure there came a light into his eyes: was it, or do I only hope it was, the light of battle? He rose and crossed hands with me, but all he said was, “Mark, you are my best counsellor, the bravest and the best too. But I cannot answer you till I have heard One other. Meanwhile, pray you, brother, for the flock and this unworthy shepherd, that this counsellor may show us—the things to come.”

And the prayer went up from me and him; but the prayer of the mystic, no word spoken.

What is it that will be shown him? How will the decision go?

XXXVI.

THE CHOICE.

THE eloquence of the pulpit stairs—is that what happens to me now that I have ventured to give my message, and am waiting behind my library lattice till I learn whether it prevails? For a clearness seems to be falling round me, where all was so dim until I acted ; if action it can be called, to counsel another man to a thing which must be his doing, not my own.

Did I not call myself Chorus in our drama? If I have been Actor as well, my part is played out, for me the drama is over. I can now be Chorus only and chant the epilogue. This clearness that comes, belatedly, will give me the *γνώμη* with which a chorus ushers out a play.

“Life is change,” said Heracleitos, and “you cannot dip into the same water twice”. He was not wrong, yet he was short of being right by something much over the half. Life is change, but how much else! Life is Interchange. That is far more than the double of Change. Far

more? Nay, beyond all measure more. It is the difference that lies between Christian Faith and "the time of that ignorance".

Life is Interchange. There is the word which will heal the "disastrous feud," and bring Old and New, the Church and her heretic, into union again, if they will accept the word.

For see, John says, "The fact of religion is Communion, the soul's experience of God : and Creed is not the fact of religion."

The Church says, "Creed is the fact, not Communion without Creed : for we can know whether a man has Creed, and we cannot know whether he has Communion".

But I say Communion is the fact, and Creed is the fact too, because Creed *is* Communion, and because without Creed Communion cannot be.

And this is so because Life is Interchange.

What is it happens when a Church makes a Creed? This, that the life unto God which is in her is exercised in the mode of Thought ; as, when she makes a law of practice, it is exercised in the mode of Action. This exercise is an Interchange of Self between the soul of the Church and the divine Reality. But then this Interchange (here is the fact we too little remember) is a twofold act ; an act between the Church and Christ, but also between the Church and the souls of her

Christians. Twofold, but not two acts. It is by the vital process of the debate between Church and members, by that commune of thoughts in which the one gives of itself to the other, and so the corporate thought is born—it is by this one and the same process that the Church has the commune with Christ Himself. Nicæa was the debate of Arius and Athanasius; but that communing was the commune of a life unto Christ in God which uttered itself, took outward existence, in the clause declaring “Very God of Very God”. Interchanging self with her members the Church made interchange with God, and the Creed came to birth.

Could the Church have had the Communion with God without the communing of thoughts which issued in the Creed? Not unless a creature of God which has the conscious existence can have the life of Doing without the life of Knowing. Creed is soul thinking and speaking its thought. Creed is Faith knowing the thing it does, as Conduct is Faith doing the thing it knows. Creed then is Communion’s half. Creed *is* the fact of religion. The Church is right in that, and John is wrong. He must think on; his Third Thought has not reached him yet.

Ah! but even in his present wrongness let the Church wait awhile before she censures him. If

Creed is born of Interchange, by Interchange it must live on. Interchange is more than Change, but Change it is. You cannot dip into the same water twice ; and your soul cannot draw the same water twice from the life-river that flows and ever flows. If the Church would keep her Creed alive and a cause of life to her children, she must keep her Creed an Interchange of self with Christ who made her, and, to that end, an Interchange with her children's selves. Between her and them, generation by generation, must be the intercourse in which they make together, mother and sons, by a mutual devotion of self in the activity of thought, the Creed of the faith once delivered unto the saints. That Creed endures for ever, more the same the more it changes, because, like the city of fable, it is never built but always is building or to build.

But, O Church of my Fathers, is there at this time that intercourse in Creed-making between mother and sons, if my scholar may not put forth his prophecy and have it tried before it is condemned ? Creed, he has written, is not the test of Communion. Well, and is it ? It is the test, if the Creed, as it stands, be a true Communion of the Church with the Christ. It was so doubtless when the Church made it first ; it was the utterance then of her faith, and she lived by that

utterance. Is it still to-day an utterance of life, a communion? If it is, then must the doubter resign his doubt or else his portion in her. But the Church must search and see, on just challenge made, whether her Creed still is as once a Communion, or whether it must be revitalized by a new act of faith, that it may again, whether in altered language or in unchanged, be a communing with God.

Our answer then to those who would examine John is this. We here will challenge his accusers to come before the Church's bar with us, and accept her sentence and not theirs; and the sentence of the faith, not as she judged it long ago but as she judges it to-day.

We here will challenge them? It is not we, it is he across the Close, our Chief, not this humble presbyter of his, that must take the decision. How is it going now with Robert? What a thing it is, a man taking a decision! And a decision in a cause which is not his but the Church's—how hard! Waiting for it is next hardest. . . . We prayed for counsel, and he will have it. Our mystic John would tell me the Church may come to counsel in such a cause, the Church here and beyond, all the company of heaven; that a man choosing a great choice is made a spectacle to just men and angels. He would persuade me;

and in that company, if it gather here, John could name one Comer, I can name one more. But 'tis ill waiting, even in "the blessed company".

. . . At last. St. Wilfrid's bell for Evensong. I will go. Waiting is less ill there.

.

We were all at Evensong, we three. John went away before us. The Bishop signalled me to wait and go home with him. He loitered in the sacristy over this and that, and all worshippers were gone when he and I passed the entrance to the Choir. He stayed me with a touch, and we faced the altar together. Then he laid his hands on mine and looked me in the eyes. "Comrade," he said, and paused: "*In nomine Domini* let us go in peace—to the war."

Explicit Pastor Futurus.



64212

244.5

SK 63

Skirine, John Huntley D.D.

Pastor futurus: a dramatic

idyll

1918	The				
1918	Reverend	ap. 45			
1918					

244.5

SK 63

64212



C0-BUX-884

